THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1898.

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THE WEEK.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS: AT HOME.

SOME alarm was occasioned on Tuesday by the announcement that the Queen was suffering from slight indisposition, and that she had in consequence postponed for a day her departure for Nice. The Stock Exchange, which has been in a very nervous condition for more than a week past owing to the rumours of foreign complications, apparently jumped to the conclusion that her Majesty's illness was diplomatic, and had some connection with our relations with other countries; and there was in consequence a considerable fall in prices. Happily, her Majesty's indisposition, which was a real one, was very slight. In spite of the inclemency of the weather, she was able to drive out as usual on Tuesday afternoon, and she left England on Thursday for her annual visit to the South of France. No life could possibly be more precious, not only to the people of the United Kingdom, but to Europe and the world, than the Queen's, and the news of her speedy recovery was therefore received with universal pleasure.

THE Stepney election resulted on Wednesday in the return of the Liberal candidate, Mr. Steadman, by 2,492 votes against 2,472 given to Major Evans-Gordon, the Tory candidate. Both sides polled more votes than at any previous election in the brief history of the constituency. The result is eminently satisfactory, partly as a proof that the Jewish voters are giving up the Tory creed, their persistence in which is a tribute to the memory of Lord Beaconsfield, and still more as a further expression of opinion as to the disintegration of London on the part of an East-End constituency. The Liberal majority of 20 is a welcome change from the adverse Tory majority of 472 at the General Election; and it is to be hoped that this and other recent Liberal victories will secure a contest in the Wokingham division of Berkshire, if only to enlighten the electorate.

IN the House of Lords on Monday Lord Roberts made a long and striking speech on the subject of our relations with the tribes on the north-west frontier of India. We have discussed his statement elsewhere. It was, in effect, a vigorous defence of the Forward policy, though the Forward policy as defined by Lord Roberts is not altogether that which is understood by the name by English politicians. Lord Roberts omitted to deal with some of the most important features of his subject, notably the financial aspect. In the subsequent debate Lord Onslow, speaking for the India Office, explained some of the reasons why the policy advocated by Lord Roberts could not be adopted by the Government. Lord Lansdowne, on the other hand, virtually endorsed Lord Roberts's appeal. Lord Northbrook, Lord Ripon, Lord Kimberley, and the Duke of Devonshire took part in the debate.

AMONG the questions asked in the House of Commons on Monday night was one relating to the grant to be made to the West Indian Islands. Mr. Lough inquired when the statement by the Colonial Secretary on the subject would be made, and was told in reply by Mr. Balfour that there were conclusive reasons why no date could be fixed for the statement at present. On Mr. Labouchere asking what those reasons were, Mr. Chamberlain replied that the Government was at present engaged in negotiations with the United States and Canada in regard to a possible reciprocity arrangement. Until those negotiations were concluded it was impossible to form any idea as to what the condition of the West Indian Islands would be. This is a remarkable statement, which has not attracted the attention that it might have been expected to receive.

THE Government Benefices Bill was read a second time on Monday by a majority of 243 to 57. The Bill, which aims at putting an end to certain abuses connected with the sale of livings in the Established Church, was opposed by Mr. Brynmor Jones and Mr. Spicer, whilst it received support from Mr. John Ellis, Mr. Perks, and other Nonconformists, who refused to assume the responsibility of opposing a Bill which was an honest attempt to remove abuses and make the Church a better agency for good. Mr. Balfour ridiculed the idea that the effect of the Bill would be to augment to a perilous point the power wielded by the Bishops, or to carry the Church of England a long distance in a Romeward direction.

ON Tuesday evening the House of Commons was occupied in discussing a resolution, moved by Sir William Wedderburn, calling attention to the urgent need for improved harbour accommodation for fishermen on the coasts of Scotland. It had been proved, he declared, that the periodical disasters which had caused so grievous a loss of life among Scotch fishermen during the last half-century were chiefly due to the want of proper harbours of refuge

for fishing boats. Sir Cameron Gull moved an amendment to the resolution extending its operation to the whole of the United Kingdom. On a division the resolution was negatived by 141 to 121 votes. Subsequently, Mr. Knowles moved a resolution condemning the state of the law relating to habitual drunkards, and calling upon the Government to legislate on the subject. This resolution, which was seconded by Dr. Farquharson, was accepted by the Home Secretary on behalf of the Government. He hoped that legislation on the subject of criminal inebriates would be possible during the present session.

On Wednesday afternoon the House of Commons had before it a Bill, introduced by an ex-member of a Conservative Ministry, for the abolition of the doctrine of "common employment" outside the cases provided for in the Workmen's Compensation Act. This doctrine, usually regarded as the product of a judicial decision, was declared by the Home Secretary and the Attorney-General to be part of the common law of England; but it was generally admitted to be indefensible, and its continued existence is a grave injustice to several millions of the working classes. However, the Government were not eager to accept the Bill, even when certain additions of questionable value had been dropped; but the second reading was passed by 215 to 59, and so the House of Commons has registered an emphatic assertion of an important principle. We must wait for a future session to see this assertion receive practical effect.

On Thursday afternoon Mr. Curzon made important statements in the House of Commons, confirming the news published in Monday's *Times* as to the extension of Russian influence in Manchuria, but stating that the Russian Government had made no demand for sovereign rights over the country, nor had they either applied for leave or threatened to send in troops; nor were they opposing the loan now on the point of issue. Moreover, foreign trade with the region would not be interfered with. Subsequently Mr. Goschen, in a speech delivered, as he said, under a special sense of responsibility, introduced the Navy Estimates.

The anticipatory statement on the subject of these Estimates shows that the net total amounts to £23,778,000. This is, we believe, the largest sum ever asked for in one year on behalf of the Navy, and is an increase of £1,440,000 compared with the Estimates of the current year. This increased amount, however, is to make up the deficient expenditure on the Navy on the expiring year—a deficiency due to the effect of the strike in the engineering trade. In consequence of that disastrous event, the progress of shipbuilding in this country was most seriously delayed, and for the first time for a number of years we allowed foreign countries to gain upon us in the race for naval supremacy. No fewer than four new battleships and four armoured cruisers, which were to have been begun in the current year, have not yet been commenced. The Estimates provide for the construction of three battleships, four armoured cruisers, and four sloops. When these are put in hand, there will be under construction, or completing, twelve battleships, six first-class, six second-class, and ten third-class cruisers, six sloops, and forty-one torpedo-boat destroyers. The number of officers and men in the naval service is to be raised to 106,390, an increase of 6,000 on the current year.

Mr. Goschen's statements as to the manning of the Navy were satisfactory enough, in spite of Mr. Allen's amendment asking for further provision in that direction and the severe criticisms of Lord Charles Beresford; but his explanations as to the delays in construction must inspire some alarm. The ships are increasing too fast for the capacity of the dockyards or the ability of the contractors to supply their armour; the engineering dispute has given a serious set back to progress; the new works in Gibraltar and Hongkong have been delayed; and even if we add up the numbers of ships given in the Memorandum, as Mr. Goschen did, the execution of the whole programme is hardly rapid enough to meet the possibilities of the situation and the needs of our empire. Absolutely, no doubt, our squadrons, as Mr. Goschen remarked, are more powerful than ever before, and we have always ships "in transit" to reinforce them. But however earnest the response to his urgent appeal to the commercial and manufacturing interests of the country—and that it would astonish the world if war really came we have not the slightest doubt—we cannot overlook the fact that time would be required to give effect to it. We deal with the subject on a later page.

The arrangements with regard to the election of the officers and aldermen of the new London County Council were completed by the Progressive party on Thursday afternoon. The Moderates had been offered the appointment to the Deputy-Chairmanship without any condition, and three aldermanic seats subject to the condition that their nominees should be approved by the Progressive party. They rejected the second offer in consequence of the condition, and (apparently informally) declined the first also, though on subsequent reconsideration they sent a formal acceptance, which came too late. Though efforts were still made in the Progressive party to give the Moderates a share in the aldermanic representation, they were unsuccessful, and a motion was finally carried by 31 to 27 that all the aldermen should be nonimated by the Progressive party, though a rider was added, at the instance of Lord Tweedmouth, that four should be "Unionist or Conservative." We regret the decision, for it would have been good policy to establish a precedent by showing greater generosity than the Moderates strictly deserve; and the wording of the rider may tend to strengthen the pernicious American introduction of national politics into municipal questions which they have done so much to promote. Moreover, without in any way questioning the merits of Dr. Collins's successor, there is no question but that Dr. Collins himself has done admirable service as Chairman, and will be very difficult to follow adequately.

ABROAD.

The news from the Far East early this week was very serious indeed. On Monday the *Times* published a telegram from its correspondent at Peking stating that Russia had demanded from China the cession of Talien-Wan and Port Arthur on the same terms and for the same period as those of the grant of Kiao-Chau to Germany; and that China was also required to grant a concession for a Russian railway connecting the places ceded with the trans-Manchurian railway at Petuna, and passing by Mukden, where the ancestors of the present Emperor are buried. The mere possibility of such a demand as the last is a striking example of the abject condition to which the Chinese Empire is reduced. Negotiations are now proceeding between the two Governments, but there can be little doubt of the ultimate result. Now Manchuria is almost Russian property already, and the population would assuredly welcome Russian rulers instead of their corrupt and tyrannical Chinese masters; and, were Russian aims only less fanatically nationalist and Protectionist, her occupation of Manchuria would be an immense gain to the world at large. But, assuming that her economic policy in the future continues to be what it has been in the past, our treaty rights in the country—which has vast resources—would vanish as they have vanished in

Madagascar. France is said to be following the Russian example in Southern China, and a further step towards partition is indicated in the news, still doubtful, that the governors of the provinces which include the Yang-tse-kiang Valley have thrown off their allegiance to Peking; and Russia is hurrying troops to the east by sea, and spending ninety million roubles on increasing her navy.

HAPPILY, the apprehensions felt as to the intentions of Russia is somewhat allayed by Mr. Curzon's statements in the House of Commons on Thursday afternoon, to which we refer elsewhere. We are compelled to accept them with some reserve; but they indicate that at the present moment our claims in Manchuria—which are also the claims of the world at large—are not seriously compromised. And at the present moment our hands are pretty full with our own difficulties. There is the West African danger; there is the possibility of further trouble in South Africa hinted at by the new Transvaal loan and indicated, not obscurely, by Sir Alfred Milner's speech at Graaf Reinet; there are the Soudan expedition and the Indian frontier trouble; and, what may be far graver than all these, there are the plague riots at Bombay on Wednesday—riots which, beginning as a protest against European measures of sanitation, seem to have developed into a combination of Mohammedans and Hindus against all Christians alike.

IT is probably not feasible to lay down any efficient and practically-workable principles to regulate the control exercised by the Secretary of State for India over the Government of India. There is, however, one general rule usually recognised, a departure from which commonly entails a more or less severe Nemesis, and that is that the Home authorities should entrust the arrangement of details to the people on the spot in India. About eighteen months ago, when the plague obtained a footing and threatened to spread in that country, certain stringent orders were sent out to the Bombay Government regarding the measures to be taken against the visitation. These measures were objected to by the local authorities, who feared that they might exasperate the people. The Bombay authorities were overruled and have subsequently been kept up to the mark by pressure from England. In taking this action the Secretary of State, it is generally understood, was largely, if not wholly, influenced by the action of the Continental states, which cherish the firm-set belief that India is the endemic home of cholera and other fleshly ills. When, therefore, the plague reached Bombay in its westward course from China, popular agitation on the Continent became acute, representations were made to the English Government, and the Bombay authorities were given to understand that sanitary regulations must be enforced with a strong hand.

THE situation presents possibilities of trouble such as were not latent in all the calamities which have harassed India during the last eighteen months. Most of the sanitary regulations now being enforced in the Bombay Presidency affect the population in two points, interference in which by Governments has traditionally aroused the most docile and peaceable of mankind—their religious observances and beliefs, and their social and domestic habits. All sects of the Mohammedans and all castes of Hindus, and all classes, rich or poor, suffer from them when, in the name of sanitation, their religious practices are interfered with and their homes broken up; and the result is unanimous hostility.

THE decision of the Executive Government of the United States to secure, through the Appropriations Committee of the House of Representatives, the introduction of a Bill for the appropriation of fifty million dollars out of the Treasury reserve to war preparations, has proved, in the first instance, to be a distinctly pacific measure. It has gratified the American Jingoes and given pause to those of Spain, while it has reassured Wall Street and given both Houses of Congress a rare opportunity for raising their reputation in the eyes of Europe. The Bill was announced on Monday, passed by the House on Tuesday after a debate worthy of its best traditions, and by the Senate without debate; and was at once signed by the President. Of course many temptations may arise to use the material so provided. But should war come—which we doubt—it can only have one ending, and it is desirable that that ending should come speedily.

"OUR army, right or wrong," seems just now to be the motto of all French parties alike, though there are some honourable exceptions among the politicians, chiefly in the Socialist ranks. But M. Maurice Lebon, formerly Under-Secretary for the Colonies, has just withdrawn from political life because he is convinced that M. Dreyfus and M. Zola have been wrongfully convicted, and feels that it is no use to say so before his constituents; while M. Léon Bourgeois, the Radical leader, made a speech on Sunday at Belfort in which he referred to the case only to denounce the weakness of the Government in dealing with the sympathisers of ex-Captain Dreyfus; and a subsequent speaker denounced "the international syndicate formed against the army." M. Bourgeois had just been abusing the Government for its alliance with Clericals and Monarchists; and, as it is these who are the chief promoters of the anti-Dreyfus and anti-Zola agitation, his position seems somewhat anomalous. But it is presumably necessary to pander to the passions of the populace in order to prevent the Reactionaries from getting all the benefit derivable from them. It is to be hoped that the issues may be clearer before the General Election takes place.

THE Catholic Centre party in Germany has pursued its policy of putting the Government under an obligation to it still further by the proceedings of its representatives on the Budget Committee of the Reichstag. While insisting that the expenditure fixed by the Navy Bill is to be the maximum—a proviso which has not much practical value in any case—it has allowed one of its members to propose that the period of seven years fixed by the Bill shall be reduced to six, and the Government, of course, has gratefully accepted the concession. Of course the Centre has established a claim on the Government. If the claim is to be met by the readmission of the Jesuit order, the ultra-Tory supporters of the Government will find the Navy Bill has cost them dear.

THE sudden change of Ministry in Austria is a distinct gain for the cause of Slav Nationalism. Baron Gautsch had failed to satisfy any party by his proposals regarding the question of official languages in Bohemia, even though they recognised the rights of both nationalities and required the approval of the Bohemian Diet. Moreover, he had made no way in the negotiations with the Hungarian Ministry regarding the financial arrangement between the two halves of the Monarchy, which ought to be passed before May 1. Accordingly, he gives place to Count Thun-Hohenstein, who, like Count Badeni, can govern with an iron hand, but who, ten years ago, publicly declared his sympathies with the Czech aspirations for the restoration of the Bohemian kingdom. He has put a Young Czech in

IF housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

his Ministry, is said to have the support of 271 out of the 425 members of the Reichsrath, and is in excellent repute with the German Clerical party. How this will help him with the Hungarian Liberal Ministry it is not easy to see; but it is certain that he cannot work with the present Reichsrath. In that case it will be dissolved; and the financial agreement with Hungary cannot be passed by its successor before May 1—after which date Hungary has determined to fix her own terms of partnership in the empire.

On Friday last the King of Italy and the representatives of her people celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the grant of a Constitution by King Carlo Alberto to the little Kingdom of Sardinia, which was the nucleus of the Italian Kingdom of to-day. King Humbert's speech to the two Houses of Parliament, admirable in conception and expression, went back to those views of the policy of the Kingdom which have been rather obscured by its ill-fated colonial enterprise and by the military and naval equipments which the European situation has seemed to demand. "Work and the school" are still, as King Humbert pointed out, the real hope of Italy; and his emphatic insistence on the inviolability of "Italian Rome" is an effective answer to those Jesuit advocates of "decentralisation" who are exploiting for their own ends the economic distress from which, we trust, Italy is beginning to emerge.

A notable Italian public man has fallen a victim to a Press duel. Signor Cavallotti, the chief leader of the Italian Radicals—a party which is many-headed, but still has more definite principles than any other Italian Parliamentary group—was killed on Sunday in an encounter with Signor Macola, a Conservative journalist of Venice. The duel was with sabres, and the parties fought with a vigour unknown in such combats in France. Signor Cavallotti's death has been received with extraordinary popular demonstrations of sympathy, which, however, in view of his career as a patriot, an ex-Garibaldian and a poet, are presumably not in the main political. His death will probably break up his party, and send a portion of it into the Socialist ranks.

LITERATURE, etc.

It is interesting — except to authors and publishers—to speculate as to the possible effect on current literature of a great European war. Would people care, for the most part, to read anything except war correspondence, or to look at any art outside the illustrated papers? However, amid all the war scares, the spring publishing season is upon us, and the crop promises to be abundant. The Clarendon Press, many of whose publications are independent of passing events or popular demand, announces as in active preparation—among much else—the third and fourth volumes of Mr. W. L. Newman's "Politics of Aristotle"—which have been hoped for by scholars for many years past, and have been long in appearing, we believe, simply from the conscientious and scrupulous care lavished on them by their author; an edition of the Heroïdes of Ovid—a neglected work of a neglected poet—by the late Arthur Palmer, D.C.L.; the "Lectures and Essays" of the late Professor Wallace, whose untimely death was a loss to literature as well as to metaphysics; and Dr. Murray's great Oxford Dictionary (portions of G and H).

Among Messrs. William Blackwood and Sons' announcements we note a memoir of the Hon. Sir Charles Murray, K.C.B., by Sir Herbert Maxwell—a record of a life spent partly in the Queen's household and partly in high diplomatic posts, and of experiences ranging from Samuel Rogers' literary breakfasts to life as a Pawnee Indian; "The Highlands of Scotland in 1750," a contemporary document, with an introduction by Mr. Andrew Lang; and "The Saving of Ireland," by Sir George Baden Powell, M.P. — Mr. Fisher Unwin's announcements include "Unknown Tibet," by Captain M. S. Wellby; "Across the Sub-Arctics of Canada," by Mr. T. W. Tyrrel; "Leo Tolstoi, the Grand Old Mujik," by Mr. G. H. Perris; and a volume by Mr. C. Raymond Beazley, in the "Builders of Greater Britain" Series, on John and Sebastian Cabot, which we hope may disentangle the achievements of the father from the claims of the son.—Messrs. Henry Sotheran & Co. announce a sumptuous "Monograph of the Turdidæ, or Family of Thrushes," by the late Henry Seebohm, completed by Mr. R. Bowdler Sharpe, of the British Museum—a work which is placed out of the reach of ordinary science students by its magnificence and cost.

OBITUARY.

The Earl of Bradford had sat (as Viscount Newport) for South Shropshire as a Conservative from 1842 to 1865, and had been Master of the Horse under two Conservative Governments.—Lord Holm Patrick, better known as the Right Hon. Ion Trant Hamilton, was Lord Lieutenant of the County of Dublin and had represented it as a Conservative from 1863 to 1885.—Sir George Russell, Bart., Conservative M.P. for the Wokingham division of Berkshire, was best known as a railway magnate and the reforming Chairman of the South-Eastern Railway.—Mr. George Müller, the famous evangelist and philanthropist, was best known as the founder of the great orphanages at Bristol, maintained by the uninvited contributions of sympathisers—divinely moved to do so, as he always maintained, in answer to his prayers for aid.—Mr. H. G. Bourke, Fleet-Engineer, R.N., had been Staff-Engineer of the *Calliope* during her famous escape from shipwreck in the hurricane at Samoa in 1889.—Mr. Edmund Tattersall was head of the eminent firm of auctioneers and horsedealers, whose name has been for more than a century connected with the English Turf.—Signor Felice Cavallotti, leader of the Extreme Left in the Italian Chamber, had won fame by his vigorously patriotic poetry during the Austrian rule over Lombardy, and had fought under Garibaldi both in the War of Liberation and in the Franco-German War. He was well known as a lyrist and a dramatist, but of late years had been chiefly noted for his advocacy of a policy of peace, retrenchment and reform in Italy, and for his passionate and verbose allegations of corruption against Signor Crispi.—M. Milutine Garaschanine was one of the founders of the Progressive party in Servia, and its Austrophil Premier in 1884-87. Recently he had reverted to advocacy of Servian nationalism.—M. Charles Schefer was an eminent French Orientalist.

THE FOREIGN CRISIS.

The country has passed through a week of gloom and excitement since we last wrote. All the serious questions that have been troubling our rulers for some months past seem suddenly to have come to a head within the last seven days. West Africa, China, the Soudan, and even India, have apparently entered into the critical stage within the brief space of a few hours. The Stock Exchange has been agitated and apprehensive, and the delicate barometer of the Money Market has fallen as it only does in stormy times. There has been an unusual air of gravity in the places where politicians congregate, and throughout the country there has been the uneasy feeling that at last the peril we have so long successfully evaded—the peril of a great war—was

on the point of overtaking us. To add to the general feeling of alarm, it has been noteworthy that the Press has not only shared in the general feeling of apprehension, but has, in some instances at least, been openly warlike in tone. It is no part of our business to sit in judgment upon our contemporaries; but we may at least be permitted to call attention to the fact that the leading articles in the *Times* on questions of foreign policy have been during the past week more bellicose in tone than at any other period in our history during the last half-century. We have no "inspired" newspapers in England; but the opinions of the *Times* on questions of foreign policy have long possessed special weight. It is not a small matter that this journal, with its close relationship with the City, should have been engaged for days past in the task of impressing Continental nations with the conviction that Great Britain, after more than fifty years of peace, has made up its mind to fight unless it can receive satisfaction for its wounded feelings and injured interests from both Russia and France. We repeat that the week has been one of gloom, laden with portents of evil, and it undoubtedly leaves us in a distinctly critical position.

All men, we suppose, are agreed in regarding the Chinese question as that which is most full of danger for us. So far as West Africa is concerned, it is inconceivable that the French Government, who cannot fail to be aware of the utter hollowness of their case, will push their defence of untenable pretensions to the extreme point. Our danger there lies in the fact that the armed forces of the two countries are in such close proximity that a collision might possibly take place between them at any moment. Fortunately, against this peril we are able to set the fact that both the French and English Governments desire peace, and that both are strong enough and sensible enough to weigh mere "frontier incidents" at their true value. The case is different, however, with regard to Russian action in Manchuria. The great "scare" of the present week was that caused by the news published in the *Times* of Monday relating to the alleged ultimatum of Russia to China on the subject of Port Arthur and the peninsula of Liaotong. The news was certainly calculated to startle and alarm the public mind in this country, whilst at the same time it cast a very sinister light upon the character of the policy of Russia. But, if we may accept the statement made in the House of Commons on Thursday evening by Mr. Curzon, the action of Russia has not been so gratuitously offensive and unscrupulous as it was represented to be by the Pekin correspondent of the *Times*. We are forced to speak with caution on this point, because it is impossible to ignore the fact that on many previous occasions the newspapers have been found to be right with regard to Russian policy even when they met with the most direct contradictions from Foreign Office officials. If we may assume that Mr. Curzon was well informed when he made his statement in Parliament on Thursday afternoon, it would certainly seem that there was no real justification for the scare of the early part of the week. Russia has made heavy demands upon China—demands which are directly at variance with the professions she made at the time of the Chino-Japanese war; but they are not demands that necessarily involve any serious interference with our rights. Again and again we have proclaimed the fact that our policy in China is the policy of the open door. Russia, so far as can be judged from the statement of Mr. Curzon, has professed her acquiescence in that policy. She may not be honest in this profession; but we have no right to assume her dishonesty until she gives us some cogent reason for doing so. For the present our business is to turn a deaf ear to the warlike invocations of the *Times* and of many other important journals; to keep our heads cool and clear, and, whilst making everybody aware of our resolve to keep the door of China open to our commerce, not to take it for granted that a Russian lease of Port Arthur means that this door is to be shut in our faces. There is, we conceive, no ground for panic, and no justification for threats of war in the present situation in the Far East.

What Great Britain needs there as elsewhere is a firm and clear-sighted diplomacy. Alas! this is just what she does not seem at present to have at her command, and herein lies the real danger to the peace of the world. What is to be thought of the statesmanship which permitted such a person as Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett to commit the House of Commons at the present moment to an abstract resolution of the most sweeping character on such a subject as that of China? Mr. Balfour has made many mistakes in his Parliamentary leadership; but he never before made one so dangerous as this. To announce to the world that there is something which Great Britain will under no circumstances permit, and then within a week to have to face the fact that this very thing has been at least in part accomplished, is to place the country in a dangerous and humiliating dilemma. This certainly is not the statesmanship to which Englishmen have been accustomed in the past. Nor can we shut our eyes to the fact that one of the gravest dangers at the present moment is to be found in the feebleness and untrustworthiness of Lord Salisbury as Foreign Minister. Of his feebleness and lack of nerve there is no need for us to speak, seeing that so much is being said upon the subject by his own supporters. The myth which acclaimed Lord Salisbury as a great Foreign Minister is a thing of the past. By displays of weakness, vacillation, and absolute timidity in the face of our rivals, repeated again and again, he has absolutely destroyed the national confidence in his firmness of purpose. He has, at the same time, sown deep and wide a feeling of distrust with regard to his statements of fact. We have only to refer to his speech on the opening night of the Session in order to find evidence of his recklessness of statement. Where are the written pledges of which he then spoke with regard to the Russian and German ports in China? We know now that they are non-existent, and that Lord Salisbury was absolutely without justification for the statements by means of which he sought to reassure the public. At the best, therefore, we can feel but little confidence in the Prime Minister's ability to cope with the grave questions with which, as a nation, we have now to deal. But to add to our sense of helplessness we have to face the astounding fact that, at this most critical moment, Lord Salisbury is proposing to absent himself from England for several weeks. We recognise the validity of the plea of ill-health, and, feeling sincere sympathy with Lord Salisbury in his illness, we have nothing to urge against the holiday he proposes to take. But he is bound, in the terribly critical circumstances now existing, not to leave the Foreign Office without a head in his absence. He cannot manage our affairs at the present moment from his villa at Beaulieu. If he attempts to do so he will be guilty of a crime against the Commonwealth. Before he leaves England it is his duty—a duty from which nobody can relieve him—to place the control of our foreign affairs in the hands of a competent substitute. If he does not take this step, he will make himself

personally responsible for the disasters into which we shall inevitably drift.

THE NAVY ESTIMATES.

THE Navy Estimates for the coming financial year provide for a total expenditure of £23,778,000. The Army Estimates come to £19,220,000, but this is a delusive figure, as there are several ordinary and inevitable items of Army expenditure, including the payment of half the volunteer capitation allowance, which the Treasury has improperly allowed to be submitted year after year by way of supplementary Estimate. The Army expenditure of the year will be not less than £20,000,000. The military expenditure of India, having regard to recent events, cannot be calculated at less than another £20,000,000, and if we add an allowance for the militia expenses of the colonies, we reach a total of not far short of £70,000,000 sterling as the military and naval expenditure of the empire. Of this vast total our naval defence, which is by far the more important, only accounts for about one-third. Whatever may be our views as to the increase of military responsibilities, especially in tropical countries, where every new territory means the sacrifice of the lives and health of a larger number of those who are forced by necessity to enlist, we are all agreed as to the importance of maintaining Britain's mastery of the seas. Our mercantile marine, our colonial empire, our freedom from conscription, our very national existence as a great Power, depend upon the supremacy of our Navy. Never since the War of American Independence has that supremacy been in greater peril than during the present decade. The patriotic enthusiasm of all parties, and the Budget of Sir William Harcourt, enabled Lord Rosebery's Government to take the necessary steps to increase the fleet. But the danger is a continuing danger, as the fleets of all the Continental Powers continually increase. Are we as safe under Mr. Goschen as under Lord Spencer? This is a question which only a detailed examination of the Estimates can enable us to answer.

So far as men are concerned, there is a fairly good showing. The Admiralty believe that by 1st April they will have obtained the 100,000 men and boys voted for 1897-98, and look forward to an increase of 6,340 in the coming year. Of these 33,000 will actually be seamen, and the seamen of British birth employed in the Navy will during the coming year exceed in numbers those employed in the mercantile marine. The number of able seamen of English birth in British ships has fallen to 14,000, and it speaks well for the Navy that the growing distaste for rough sea service should not have prevented a large increase in the number of naval recruits. Recruiting for the Marines has also been brisk. 16,841 were voted for 1897-8, and it is proposed during the coming year to add another 1,000 men to the corps. Thus we find in both branches of the naval service a healthy contrast to the state of things existing in the department of the bunglers in Pall Mall. Men and boys enlist willingly in the Navy because they know that the sailor is well cared for, and is not landed as a spent man at the age of twenty-five, after stewing for four or five years in a tropical cantonment, with enough money in his pocket to keep him drunk for a fortnight, and no prospect of being able to earn a decent livelihood afterwards.

When we come to the item for new construction, however, it is not possible to express any satisfaction. The engineering lock-out has reduced the expenditure for 1897-8 by £1,400,000 below the estimate. It has postponed the completion of the programme for at least six or seven months. Thus three battleships, the *Cæsar*, *Illustrious*, and *Hannibal*, were to have been ready last autumn. Of these only the *Cæsar* has been finished. There are six battleships of the *Canopus* class in progress. No one of them has been completed. Four other new battleships were to have been commenced in 1897-8. In no single case has this been done, and the delay is attributed, not to engineering difficulties, but to the time occupied in settling the design. Several first-class cruisers were to have been ready, but of these only the *Diadem* has been delivered by the contractor, and she has not yet been completed for service. In the case of four new cruisers, the delay is attributed to difficulties in design. Only one of four second-class cruisers of the *Arrogant* class has been completed for service. No third-class cruiser has been completed. Even of the torpedo-boat destroyers much fewer have been completed than was intended. The figures are not quite clear, but we gather that about twenty-five have actually been completed during the year. Thus altogether the British Navy is now stronger than it was at the end of the last financial year by only one battleship, one first-class and one second-class cruiser, and twenty-five torpedo-boat destroyers. This is a beggarly result, and it is one for which Mr. Goschen cannot escape responsibility. Apart from the question whether, under the contracts, shipbuilders can be held liable for delay caused by the lock-out, which is, after all, a question of money rather than of ships, there has been a delay in the dockyards also which will need further explanation. The engineers in the dockyards were not on strike, and yet the delay in the dockyards has been as great as the delay on the Clyde. It is attributed in the First Lord's Memorandum to delay in the delivery of contract machinery. Are we, then, to understand that the Government yards can never finish and equip any ship without outside assistance? If this be so, the policy of maintaining expensive establishments on the South Coast, where they would be most exposed to attack in time of war, to do shipbuilding work where coal and iron are dearer and the industrial population less expert than in the North, seems less defensible than ever. If the dockyards were able to build their ships and send them to sea unaffected by disturbances in the outside labour market, they might have some justification; but, besides being more expensive, they would seem to lack even the merit of independence. Indeed, we cannot suppress an uneasy suspicion that the civil authorities have made the lock-out an excuse for delay which was really avoidable. This suspicion grows stronger when we find that instead of making up for lost time in the coming year, the expenditure is to be actually less than was provided for by the naval programme. When we turn to naval works the case becomes stronger still. The strike cannot have had the slightest effect upon the dredging and other preliminary work under the Naval Works Act. But so little has been done that the money provided last year will suffice for this year as well, and no Naval Works Bill will be presented this season. Thus, the Naval Works programme has, without any excuse, been delayed for a year. Doubtless the Chancellor of the Exchequer is pleased. Adventures in Uganda and on the Indian Frontier have necessitated an increased expenditure on the Army. Party obligations have been met by doles to the landlords and the Church. It is convenient to be able to use the labour troubles

as an excuse for avoiding increase of taxation by curtailing fresh expenditure on the really essential part of the national defence.

THE TRUE FORWARDNESS.

LORD ROBERTS has done a public service, though not perhaps quite the sort of service he intended, by raising the question of the Indian frontier in the House of Lords. We now know what the forward policy means. Lord Roberts knows, for he is the author of it in its new and revised form. It means grab, waste, and war. It means what Sir George White said it meant in his festive utterances at Simla. It means that we are to trample on the independence of all the border tribes until we come face to face with Russia, for whom we shall then have obligingly removed every obstacle to the invasion of India except the Indian Army. That must always, of course, be the final defence. But the policy which, though always and honourably associated with the name of Lord Lawrence, is only wise statesmanship and common sense provided, first, an almost impregnable barrier in the shape of mountains, and, secondly, a group of native races ready to turn against anyone who molested them and their freedom. To deprive themselves of these natural advantages is apparently the main object of the forward school. Happily, that school, if not dead, is dying. Sir William Lockhart's campaign gave it a serious blow. Lord Roberts's speech, with its naked exhibition of pure Jingoism, has dealt it a mortal stroke. Lord Roberts is an admirable specimen of the honest and chivalrous soldier. Whatever he was told to do, he did, without caring for the risk and without counting the cost. Such men are invaluable in their proper places, as Lord Roberts was at the Indian Mutiny and the Afghan War. But soldiers are seldom statesmen, and Lord Roberts is no exception to the rule. His speech on Monday evening might have added to his own reputation and enlightened the public mind, if he had criticised the strategy of the march upon Tirah, or explained why Sir Robert Low's advance upon Chitral was so much more successful. But if the government of our Indian Empire were entrusted to men like Lord Roberts, who, in the classic phrase of the Prime Minister, want to fight everybody and take everything, it would not last long, and its disappearance would be no disadvantage to the world. As it is, the mischief done has been extremely serious, although the Government, with the exception of the Secretary for War, are at last alive to the enormity of the blunder they have committed. To take one single point alone. Ever since the conclusion of the last Afghan War in 1880 this country has been conditionally responsible for the integrity and independence of Afghanistan. In the discharge of that obligation it is, if not absolutely essential, at least highly desirable, that we should have free access to Afghan territory through the Khyber Pass. The Khyber was in the hands of the Afridis, and they were perfectly willing to keep it open on reasonable terms for the Government of India. But when Chitral was annexed, and the permanent road through the Swat Valley was made, the Afridis became alarmed for the independence which they prize as highly as we prize it ourselves. They refused to continue their services, they rose against the Paramount Power, and though a "punitive" expedition was sent to subdue them, no native of India believes that they have been subdued.

Lord Onslow stated distinctly on behalf of the Government that British troops would not be employed to defend the Khyber Pass. This is an integral part of Lord Roberts's policy, and we rejoice that there is no chance of its being adopted. According to Lord Roberts the Afridis have been treated with far too much indulgence, and the Tirah Valley should now be added to the Indian Empire of the Queen. Lord Ripon himself did not speak more strongly against such a project than Lord Onslow. It is quite plain that Ministers see the error of their ways, and with the exception already mentioned are prepared gradually to retrace their steps. Lord Onslow was emphatic in his expressions of respect for the independence of the Afridis and the other tribes on the border. We have no doubt that Sir William Lockhart has been instructed to accept even the smallest token of Afridi or Zakka-Khel submission, or that the idea of another campaign in the Tirah has been definitely abandoned. Lord Roberts found himself directly at variance not only with the leader of the Opposition in the House of Lords, but also with the representative of the India Office and with Lord Northbrook. Lord Northbrook spoke with authority as a former Viceroy, and with impartiality as a Liberal Unionist. He took precisely the same line as Lord Ripon, and went even farther than Lord Kimberley in condemning the policy of the forward school. He retains the opinions which he held in 1880, and which the Duke of Devonshire has abandoned. The Duke flatters himself that it is the circumstances which have changed. But the change is nearer home. Lord Ripon pointed out with perfect truth that the arguments by which the retention of Chitral was supported in 1895, and which Lord Roberts uses now, are precisely those employed by Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Cranbrook to justify the retention of Candahar in 1879. But in those days there was a certain Lord Hartington, who, when he became Secretary for India, gave up Candahar and replied to all remonstrances by asking the plain question, "What right have we to be there?" There was also, as Lord Northbrook reminded the Peers, a certain Sir Frederick Roberts, who strongly objected to interference with Afghanistan because, as he put it, the less the Afghans saw of us the better they would like us. Lord Roberts says he has changed his mind since the occupation of Merv by Russia. That is rather an old story. The Duke of Argyll does not often make a joke, and we are sure that twenty years have elapsed since he scoffed at the Mervousness of the Tory party. Lord Northbrook, who spoke with equal ability and courage, urged the Government to abandon the Chitral road altogether. Their self-love will probably prevent them from doing that. But short of confessing in so many words that they were wrong themselves, they have done everything possible to acknowledge that their predecessors were right.

Lord Lansdowne's speech can only be set down as the "hare-brained chatter of irresponsible frivolity." It was totally inconsistent not only, as he admitted, with Lord Onslow's, but with the weighty and well-considered words of the Prime Minister on the first night of the session. Lord Salisbury then pronounced himself strongly opposed to a "military forward policy." That is just the policy which Lord Lansdowne devoted his whole speech to supporting. He threw over his own colleague, and proclaimed himself a thoroughgoing disciple of Lord Roberts. Now it is perfectly well known that when Lord Lansdowne was Governor-General he surrendered himself blindfold into the hands of Lord Roberts and the military junta, who made him do whatever they pleased. Hence the recrudescence of Indian Jingoism, which Lord Elgin has not been strong enough to check, and

which has led to the disastrous consequences we now see. Nor is it any secret that in reversing the decision of the late Cabinet so soon as they came into office, Ministers relied chiefly upon Lord Lansdowne's opinion, and a worse opinion they could not easily have found. But there, we cannot help thinking, Lord Lansdowne's mischievous activity might well have stopped. He had done enough for fame. He had taken bad advice in India, and given bad advice at home. He might surely have been contented with these two performances and abstained from flouting his own chief in Parliament. Lord Lansdowne actually found fault with the Under-Secretary for talking about the independence of the tribes. It was, he said, a phrase liable to be misunderstood. Why, it is the phrase used by the Secretary of State for India in an official despatch which must have had the sanction of the Cabinet before it was sent. We know on the unimpeachable testimony of Mr. Chamberlain that there has never been in this Cabinet any difference of opinion, however small, upon any subject, however trifling. As her Majesty's advisers always agree in private, it seems a pity that they should so often differ in public. The reverse process would be more agreeable to precedent and more consistent with decorum. The Duke of Devonshire, indeed, who is becoming an unconscious humourist of the first water, declared that there was absolutely no divergence between the India Office and the War Office. This remarkable statement may be easily explained. The Duke sometimes listens to the speeches of his opponents. He never listens to the speeches of his colleagues. Lord Lansdowne's escapade, though indecent, is not important. The Indian policy of the Government must be deduced from the spoken words of the Prime Minister and the written words of the Secretary for India. It is not everything that might be desired. But it is the perfection of wisdom compared with the reckless proposals for taking everything and fighting everybody put forward by Lord Roberts and adopted by Lord Lansdowne.

FOR PEACE OR WAR?

THE American Government, and the bulk of the American people, have risen to the responsibilities involved in dealing with the Cuban Question. The worst enemies of American professional politicians, the most virulent abusers of Congress and Congressmen as a class, cannot deny that the proceedings in Congress this week show a gravity and a dignity that befits men fully conscious that they are face to face with a very serious crisis. We have heard much of the "yellow Press," much of American Jingoism, and of the aims of financiers and Protectionist manufacturers seeking a new field to exploit and a new "dumping-ground" for the surplus products of their mills. We know that Cuba, forty years ago, was regarded by the slaveholding party then dominant in the Union as a Naboth's vineyard, to be annexed by peaceful means if possible, or if not, by filibustering or open war. Times have changed since then, and humanitarian sentiment has replaced the desire to spread the blessings of popular government, while a new order of financial and economic considerations has been substituted for the desire of the slaveholders to find new lands for the employment of their human capital; nevertheless, neither the Executive nor Congress—nor, it may be added, the people—are yet ready to make the plunge. The debate in the House is significant; the silence of the Senate still more so. The "yellow Press" has done its best to move public opinion by anticipating the verdict of the Court of Inquiry on the sinking of the *Maine*. But the Executive merely desires—very properly—to be ready for contingencies, in case Spain should either refuse satisfaction or should give provocation such as no self-respecting nation could overlook. And it has seemed this week as if the provocation might come from Spain. Señor Sagasta's Ministry, indeed, will probably do its best to be pacific. But it may easily be committed irretrievably by the acts of its subordinates in Cuba; it may possibly, though not probably, fail to outlast the coming General Election. The United States is determined to be ready for any event; and the Bill appropriating fifty million dollars, passed unanimously by the House of Representatives on Tuesday and by the Senate on Wednesday, is a useful warning to the Spanish Chauvinists that America is not a Power to be trifled with. It would be hard for Spain to raise even a tenth of that amount at the present juncture; and the Spanish fleet, though stronger in cruisers at the present moment than that of the United States, is weaker in every other respect. For geographical reasons alone it can hardly take the offensive, except by attempting to destroy a commercial marine which it will be for the most part unable to reach. At best, it must chiefly act on the defensive, and in the Gulf of Mexico; and we can hardly imagine that the defence will be very effective. Spain is at the end of her resources; the United States are only at the beginning of theirs. The Fifty-million-dollar Bill is avowedly a measure of peace, and it may be noted that two of its strongest advocates in the House, having served throughout the War of Secession in the Confederate Army, have had experience of the sufferings and horrors incident to warfare that few professional soldiers can match.

At the same time, we cannot deny that the danger of war is still not remote. It is true that the Spanish Government has not formally demanded the recall of the United States Consul from Havana, and it is certain that the United States would not recall him if it had. The consular reports of Cuban atrocities—quite as well attested, it must be remembered, as anything that has taken place in Armenia, quite as shocking, and much more easy to make impossible henceforth—will shortly be published, and may rouse the masses outside the great centres of commerce and finance. At present all our news, practically, is coloured by the laudable desire of the financial world of New York to avert a drain on the Treasury and to keep up the price of investment stocks. We doubt if either motive will be operative in what may be called provincial America; but of its feeling we in England can know next to nothing. It is possible, again, that the Maine may have been blown up by the explosion of a submarine mine, whether by accident or design. In either case, the Spanish Government will be liable; but it may easily find a difficulty in acknowledging its liability in the face of Spanish pride and impecuniosity. There is always the danger incident to the possession of war material, that the country—assisted in this case by the new school of which Captain Mahan is the prophet—may be eager to use the weapons it has just bought. And, finally, the term allowed by the President's Message for Spain to set her American possessions in order is running out. The United States cannot remain permanently indifferent to the fate of Cuba, if only for economic reasons. Its strategic value to an enemy, too, cannot be left out of consideration; though Spain cannot make much use of it, and, in the face of recent developments of the Monroe doctrine,

no other Power is ever likely to have the chance. Still, this aspect of the question was insisted on forty years ago, when the slaveholders of the South would have had their nation buy the island; and it may be insisted on again in view of recent developments of militarism in the United States. Meantime, Spain has a brief period to get the island into order and to give autonomy a chance. If local "Unionists" are determined to prevent this, so much the worse for their cause. In the face of a possible deficit, of a banking crisis, and of a suspension of the revival of industry in the United States, that nation has deliberately shown the world that she will not be trifled with. The Spanish patriots will do well to heed her warning.

We trust they will do so for the sake of the United States as well as of their own country. Before the War of Secession, Cuba, occupied by American slaveholders, would not have been by any means so inconvenient a possession as to-day. The slaveholders would practically have controlled the State and manipulated the Creole vote. Cuba would merely have been a larger Louisiana. But Cuba to-day would be far more embarrassing as a State of the Union than New Mexico, which has been qualified for admission as a State for many years past, but remains a territory because of the large element of Mexican Roman Catholics in its population. What would the "A.P.A.," founded to keep native Americans free from the control of a foreign and priest-ridden electorate, say to a measure which would put two Spanish Roman Catholics into the Senate? The extraordinary proposal of General Wegler's organ in the Spanish Press, that the United States shall purchase the island on conditions, seems to show that that journal is becoming rather alarmed at that prospect of disorder in Spain which its patron has done so much to aggravate. But we can hardly suppose it will be accepted as it stands. As a Republic under the United States Protectorate, the island would be less dangerous, but the United States could hardly be responsible for preserving it from the fate of other Spanish American Republics. We trust, therefore, that the Fifty-million-dollar Bill really makes for peace. For the moment, it gives pause to the war party in America. It gives pause even more effectively to the Jingoes of Spain. And, most of all, it is a warning to those Spanish Conservatives who will not let Cuba take the chance that Señor Sagasta gives her—that it is, indeed, their last chance—of retaining their American possession. If they try to retain Cuba by force, their failure is certain; and they will hardly less certainly bring down the fabric of Government in Spain.

FINANCE.

THE City has been rudely shaken by war scares this week. Sensational telegrams respecting the encroachment of Russia upon China, the doings of the French in West Africa, above all, the intentions of the United States with respect to Cuba, caused a very heavy fall in most stocks and securities upon the Stock Exchange, occasioning considerable losses to imprudent speculators, and therefore making the settlement which began on Wednesday morning a very gloomy and anxious one for members of the Stock Exchange. The investing public has wisely been doing little for a considerable time past. But professional speculators and members of the Stock Exchange within the last month or two have lost patience, and have bought American securities upon a considerable scale. The alarm of war between the United States and Spain led to a sharp fall in these securities and inflicted heavy losses. The speculation in American securities was far greater in Holland and Germany than in this country, and in Berlin, more particularly, the losses have been on a very great scale. The Berlin Bourse endeavoured to sell upon the London Stock Exchange on Monday morning. Finding that the dealers here were unwilling to buy, they then tried to sell South African shares, which, strange to say, German operators have been purchasing in very large amounts of late. Unfortunately for them, London was unwilling to buy either the mining or the American shares. But the earnest efforts to sell intensified the gloom here, and made the fall greater than it would otherwise have been. The Paris Market has been too much discouraged—firstly, by the excitement created by the Dreyfus affair; secondly, by the desperate condition of Spanish finance; and thirdly, by the threatened interference with the rights of the Coulisse, or outside Stock Exchange—to engage in much speculation. Consequently, Paris has not suffered from the scare, and neither has it assisted the Berlin Bourse in its troubles. Berlin, moreover, has been suffering from the fact that it holds very large amounts of Austrian and Hungarian securities, and the prospect in both Austria and Hungary is certainly not reassuring just now. The political uneasiness has stopped not only all investment, but it has prevented applications for new companies and loans that have been brought out of late. In several cases companies which have been underwritten have been only very partially subscribed for. In some instances the underwriters have had to take 75 and even 80 per cent. of the amounts underwritten by them. But while the political apprehensions have fallen heavily upon the Stock Exchange, as yet, at all events, they have scarcely affected trade. Foreign trade is not very good, but home trade is better than ever it has been before. There is every probability, too, if political apprehension dies away, of a very considerable improvement in the foreign trade.

The Money Market continues tight, the Bank of England having complete control of the market. As yet but very little has been paid out of the Exchequer to contractors and others, and from the memorandum issued by Mr. Goschen with the Navy Estimates, it seems as if the payments would be much smaller than had been anticipated, owing to the very great delay caused by the engineering strike. The Bank will probably, therefore, keep control longer than usual this month. Then unless the political situation grows worse, we are about to have a Chinese and a Greek loan. Both of these will absorb a considerable amount of money. The Chinese loan in particular will transfer money from the outside market to the Bank of England, and therefore will continue the Bank's control over the market for many months to come. Gradually, of course, Japan will pay out the money for ships and munitions of war in general; but in the meantime the improvement in trade and other issues will absorb cash and will keep up rates. It looks, therefore, as if the value of money will rule high for the greater part of the present year, especially as the Cuban excitement in the United States is leading to shipments to New York. Of course, the actual outbreak of war would lead to a great expenditure by the United States Government, which would have to buy ships and munitions of war of every kind, probably to a very large extent in Europe. The outbreak of war then would lead to gold shipments from New York to Europe; but before the war, and while uneasiness was very great, it is possible that there may be very considerable shipments to New York. On the other hand, gold is coming from Japan, and even with the payment of the remainder of the indemnity Japan is not likely to take any of the metal. And it is still less likely that India will take any, unless, indeed, the Government should be so ill-advised as to consent to the raising of a large gold loan for the

purpose of establishing a gold standard. In the meantime the stringency in the Money Market is as great as ever. The discount rate of the Bank of Bombay remains 13 per cent., that of the Bank of Bengal 12 per cent., and in the interior rates are very much higher—often 15 and 20 per cent.—while poor people have to pay almost any rate the lenders choose to name.

Lipton, Limited, has a share capital of £2,000,000, half in 5 per cent. preference cumulative shares and half in ordinary shares of £1 each. There is, besides, 4 per cent. redeemable stock amounting to £500,000. £250,001 of the debenture stock, 500,667 preference shares, and 500,667 ordinary shares at £1 5s. are offered for subscription. The company acquires the business of Sir Thomas J. Lipton, which deals in tea, coffee, fruit preserving, baking, confectionery, etc. The purchase price has been fixed by the vendor at £2,466,666.

THIS MORNING'S PAPER.

By a Mere Outsider.

Saturday.—The vexation of the Government party over the defeat in the County Council election is extreme. It was almost dangerous to speak to any Unionist on the subject yesterday; and in the House of Commons Mr. Balfour fiercely resented any allusion to the downfall of the scheme for wrecking London. What effect the defeat will have upon the policy of Ministers is not yet certain. They have been told in the plainest manner possible that London will not have their measure of disruption, and the wiser men amongst them recognising this fact urge the withdrawal of the London Bill from the Ministerial programme. The hot-heads, on the other hand, insist that it is more than ever necessary not only to pass the Bill, but to make it still more stringent and mischievous in form. "We have got a majority in Parliament," say these gentlemen, "and we must use it to crush the Progressives and to make any fresh election like that of Thursday impossible." That such opinions should be openly expressed in Tory quarters is the best proof of the demoralising effect which their wholly unexpected defeat has had upon them.

I am told that the result of the London County Council election was awaited with great anxiety at Birmingham. Both parties in that city felt that a defeat for the Government would fall with special severity upon the head of Mr. Chamberlain. There has been a wonderful revival of Liberalism in Birmingham of late, and it is certain that at the next General Election the "Unionist" party will by no means be allowed to have it all its own way.

Sunday.—The talk of the last four-and-twenty hours has been unpleasantly warlike. The French newspapers are bellicose, though in a discreet fashion, and on our side the movement of troops in West Africa does not lighten the tension of the situation. But among the well-informed a confident belief prevails that everything will yet be arranged amicably. There is no desire for war on either side—quite the contrary. The belief, on our part, in the justice of our demands with regard to the Niger is universal, and men hope that in France the determination to allow the questions at issue to be settled on their merits will ultimately prevail. But it is not only in the relations of France and England that uncertainty exists. The City is wofully disturbed by the thought of a possible conflict between the United States and Spain; whilst further afield grave rumours are in circulation as to the relations of Japan and Russia. The Japanese, it is believed, mean to force the pace in the Far East. They have everything to gain by compelling an early settlement of the questions connected with Corea and China which Russia has seen fit to raise. Until the trans-Siberian railway is complete Russia is hardly a match for Japan in Eastern Asia, and no one is better aware of this fact than the Japanese themselves. In these circumstances the shrewdest observers believe that the next big war will be one between Japan and Russia, and that we shall not have to wait very long before it breaks out.

Monday.—The news in the papers this morning unfortunately justifies the pessimism which has prevailed in political circles during the last day or two. Apparently we are not yet "out of the wood" in China, the Russian Government having once more entered upon an open campaign against the policy of Great Britain. If the ingenious Madame Novikoff, who continues in the *Observer* to extol the Muscovite Government as the embodiment of all the virtues, would kindly direct her attention to what is happening at Pekin and explain why it was necessary for Russia to protest against the conclusion of a loan with the bankers of Berlin and London, and how it is possible to reconcile the original Russian statements regarding the occupation of Port Arthur with the demands which are now being made, she will confer a great benefit upon her friends in this country. It is exceedingly unfortunate that whenever we seem to be on the eve of coming to a friendly arrangement with Russia—and such an arrangement is sincerely desired by most Englishmen—something is invariably done by the diplomatists of St. Petersburg which drives the two nations farther than ever apart. It is difficult to resist the conclusion that someone in Russia, who is behind the scenes, is deliberately resolved that there shall be no understanding between the Russians and ourselves. Be this as it may, the situation is again a critical one in the Far East, whilst it does not seem to be improving in West Africa.

The tragical death of Signor Cavallotti is in keeping with his whole career. He was the stormy petrel of Italian politics, and has unquestionably exercised an evil influence upon the recent history of his country. Still there must be universal regret at the fact that he should have perished in a duel. Frenchmen manage to fight without killing—sometimes without even hurting—each other. But Cavallotti was the most hot-blooded of men, and he was accustomed to keep his political opponents in submission by his sword as well as his tongue. It is by the sword that he has perished.

The annual report of the National Liberal Federation has this year even more than its usual interest. It is specially interesting from the fact that the Executive Committee now formally disowns the "Newcastle programme" so-called, and indeed seeks to clear itself from any charge of complicity in that colossal blunder. As many hard things were said about The Speaker when it spoke out—before any other Liberal journal had done so—on this subject of the Newcastle programme and programme-spinning in general, it is a real satisfaction to find that opinions so often expressed in these pages are now re-echoed by the great organisation of Liberal Associations. For the future one must hope that there will be no repetition of the Newcastle blunder and that the meetings of the National Liberal Federation will deal rather with the questions and interests of the hour than with far-reaching demands for possible legislation at some future and undefined date.

Tuesday.—We seem to have come in for a "scare" with a vengeance. If the movement on the Stock Exchange yesterday could not be called a panic, it nevertheless shows how acute was the disturbance in men's minds over the morning's news. Unquestionably it was the Russo-Chinese complication that created the greatest uneasiness. The feeling prevailed widely that we had been tricked once more through the duplicity of Russia, and that, having allowed ourselves to be lulled by promises which were never meant to be kept, we had been detached from Japan, and were now left to face a hopeless situation. A few cool heads were found to point out that as yet we had really lost nothing.

All along sensible people have known that, whatever she might say, Russia never meant to leave Port Arthur. We had acquiesced in her occupation of the place on the condition that our trade and treaty rights were not interfered with, and no intention of interfering with them was now proclaimed. But it must be confessed that the persons who took this view of the situation were few in number. The greater number had formed a much graver opinion regarding the action of Russia, and the talk was distinctly warlike. To add to the general confusion, we have this morning the news from Washington, which seems to prove that the Jingoes are gaining the upper hand. The situation is undoubtedly perplexing; whilst to make it worse is the fact that Lord Salisbury is laid aside by indisposition. He is not a model Foreign Secretary; he is not even a strong one. But even a weak leader is better than no leader at all; and whilst Lord Salisbury is ill the country is absolutely leaderless.

Lord Roberts had a brilliant audience in the House of Lords last night; but he had no success as a missionary. The cost of the forward policy folly has now been realised even by the members of the Cabinet, and they are no longer disposed to allow Lord Roberts to lead them by the nose. It was a gallant effort that he made last night, and he commanded not a little personal sympathy, but with the terrible "butcher's bill" of the Chitral campaign before them, and with the decidedly unsatisfactory results obtained from the great expenditure of blood and money, the members of the Government did not venture to associate themselves with the opinions of the hero of Candahar.

Wednesday. — "There are no such fools as consols." They certainly played the fool yesterday, when they were as "jumpy" as a man on the verge of *delirium tremens*. All manner of scares prevailed. The United States and Spain were to be at war without more than a few days' delay. England had to fight Russia in the East and France in the West. The Queen was dangerously ill. She was not ill at all, but was suffering from a diplomatic indisposition, which meant that things were too critical to allow of her leaving this country at the present moment. In short, there was no end to the contradictory rumours which were buzzed about in the Stock Exchange and the Clubs. And this was part of the reign of peace which, according to Mr. Curzon, began when the present Ministry came into office!

To-day men seem to be a little calmer, and can consider even the question of Port Arthur with open minds. About Russian duplicity there is, unluckily, no room for disputing. Port Arthur was fairly won in open warfare by the Japanese. Japan was compelled to surrender it because France, Germany, and Russia refused to allow China to be deprived of so important a station. Now Russia has quietly installed herself there and means to stay. The bad faith of the Government of St. Petersburg is unmistakable and inexcusable. But, on the other hand, is there anyone who has been so foolish as to suppose, for the last two months, at all events, that Russia was likely to quit Port Arthur when she had once taken possession of it? We are supposed to have got compensation, and to have secured a great success for our diplomacy by our new arrangements in connection with the loan to China. It is quite possible that we are deluding ourselves in entertaining this belief; but even if that be the case, there really does not seem to be any ground for a scare merely because Russian policy has followed the course which everybody who understands Russia knows that it must follow.

The real blunder of the last few days has been the acceptance by Mr. Balfour of Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett's resolution on the subject of the integrity of China. It is a very serious thing that the House of Commons, under its present careless leadership, should have been led to commit itself to an abstract proposition so sweeping as that which the Member for Sheffield proposed last week. By doing so it has involved itself in a dilemma from which it can hardly hope to escape without a serious loss of dignity.

A good deal has been said about the fact that the Queen entertained both M. de Courcel and Sir Thomas Saunderson at Windsor on Monday. In the absence of Lord Salisbury—whose indisposition is happily passing away—Sir Thomas is the real head of our Foreign Office, and there can be no doubt that he was not summoned to Windsor merely by way of compliment. But most persons are aware that the Queen takes a very active part in the management of the foreign affairs of this country, and there is nothing surprising or disconcerting in the fact that she should wish to have a personal interview both with the French Minister and the representative of the Foreign Office at a critical moment like the present. Of one thing everybody may rest assured. That is, that her Majesty is the friend of peace, and that any advice she may give to those around her will be founded on her desire to maintain the national honour and interests by pacific means.

Thursday.—The result of the Stepney election is something of a surprise to both parties. It was believed that the contest would be very close; but the feeling was that the Conservatives would retain their hold upon the seat. It is needless to say that Mr. Steadman's victory has given the greatest satisfaction in Liberal circles. The fact that it follows the County Council elections of last week proves that even in London the tide has turned. If there is a movement in favour of Liberalism in London, where may we not see it?

The *Times* continues to do its best to lash the British public into a warlike mood. It may have the best reasons for doing so, and may be acting from motives of the purest patriotism. But there are a great many people, including not a few members of the Tory party, who object strongly to any attempt to exaggerate, for the benefit of the world outside, the state of feeling in this country. There are unquestionably many persons who think that, despite the unfriendly and disingenuous conduct of Russia, we can hold our own and obtain all we want without having either to go to war or to threaten war. There are also many people who believe that so long as Lord Salisbury remains in power his habitual timidity will not permit him to go to war on any ground whatever. Finally, there are some people—and here again I speak of Tories as well as Liberals—who look upon the whole of the war-fever as something got up by Mr. Chamberlain in order to gratify the Jingo passion to which he has succumbed. I do not say that any of these classes are right; but they exist, and the *Times* is altogether misleading when it writes as though the whole nation were thirsting to go to war with France and Russia. On the contrary, the last thing the nation desires is war, if it can be honourably avoided.

Friday.—The statement by Mr. Curzon yesterday has done a good deal to reassure the country. There is, of course, always the danger that we may go from one extreme to another: that, having believed on Monday that we had no resource but war, we should come to the conclusion on Friday that everything had been settled in accordance with our wishes. Neither of these alternatives can, of course, be accepted; but it is at least clear from the statement of the Under-Secretary that we are still in the stage in which diplomacy may prove effective. If only Lord Salisbury would show the requisite courage and vigour—courage to withstand his foes not only abroad but in the Cabinet—all might yet be well. The statement that he is going to Beaulieu is repeated to-day, though it is now announced that he will not leave England till the end of the month.

It was surely the funeral of the old party of peace and retrenchment that was celebrated in the House of Commons last night. A vote of twenty-five

millions for the Navy, and not a soul to protest that it was too much. Shade of Joseph Hume! What are we coming to?

THE UGANDA INQUIRY.

MR. CURZON has promised, on behalf of the Government, an inquiry into the causes of the mutiny of the Soudanese troops in the Uganda Protectorate last September. It has been said that Lord Salisbury, who is an obstinate man, was at first disinclined to grant an inquiry; but the publication of the recent Blue Book left the Foreign Office no alternative. Blue Books are notoriously subjected to a severe process of editing before they are allowed to reach the hands of Members of Parliament and other persons of small consequence; and there are obvious indications that the "papers relating to recent events in the Uganda Protectorate" have passed through the hands of the official editor. But, curiously enough, there is, we believe, no reason to doubt the absolute accuracy of the statement repeatedly made on behalf of the Government that the Foreign Office knows no more than the Blue Book has to tell us of the causes of the mutiny and of the events that immediately followed the breaking away of the Soudanese from Major Macdonald's column. The fact is that, from whatever cause, the representatives of the Government in East Africa have been singularly reticent on several matters about which both the Government and the public at home are naturally anxious for information. No doubt, when the inquiry is held much that is now unintelligible will be made clear, but we may have much longer to wait for the inquiry than is generally anticipated. Obviously, to be of any value the inquiry must be held on the spot, and the evidence of such of the mutineers as remain, and can be induced to give evidence, must be taken. But this cannot be until the Protectorate is in a more tranquil state than at present, and we gather from Mr. Curzon that, as soon as circumstances permit, Major Macdonald, an absolutely essential witness, is to resume his march into the unknown on that mysterious mission, the objects of which are stated with such studied vagueness in Lord Salisbury's despatch of the 9th of last June, published in the appendix to the Uganda Blue Book.

Meanwhile, however, there are some things which the Blue Book does make clear. For the first time we have the grievances of the Soudanese formulated by themselves. The list is an interesting one, and will repay examination. As set out in Mr. Jackson's despatch of September 26th, and supplemented by the extremely interesting statement by Janna Bilal, the Soudanese sergeant, they supply an ample explanation of the discontent that existed, though scarcely of the mutiny that followed. The first of the grievances of which the Soudanese complained was that "they were tired of being constantly marched about, while other companies remained comfortably in stations." There is abundant evidence that these particular companies had had more than their fair share of marching about. They were in Nandi when Major Ternan detailed them to accompany the Macdonald Expedition; but in the interval of waiting they were marched to Buddu, some three hundred miles, did some hard fighting against the ex-King Mwanga, and were marched back again, arriving at the rendezvous, as Major Macdonald reported, "much fatigued" and "by no means in a high state of discipline." It would be premature to apportion the blame for this unfortunate state of affairs; but Major Ternan, who made the arrangements, is or was in England, and he has presumably been asked to explain what is, on the face of it, either a bad piece of blundering or a very unfortunate concourse of circumstances. The second complaint of the Soudanese is that "they were not allowed to take their women with them." Here, again, someone had blundered. The men were never apparently told of the arrangements made for the maintenance of their wives and children during their absence. The third complaint was that "they were going to a foodless and waterless country, where they would all die." From Janna Bilal's story it would seem that the Soudanese were left to pick up all sorts of tales from the gossip of Swaheli porters as to their destination. It is, we are aware, contrary to all rules and regulations that the private soldier, whether he be black or white, should seek to know where he is going or why.

> "Theirs not to make reply,
> Theirs not to reason why,
> Theirs but to do and die."

It is a soldierly ideal, but these men were going on a service outside the scope of their ordinary employment, and the circumstances would seem to justify some attempt to explain to them what was expected of them, and to reconcile them to their lot. The fourth complaint is that they were underpaid and insufficiently fed. As to the latter complaint there is not much evidence; but there is overwhelming evidence of the former. They were paid—or rather they were not paid, for their pay was several months in arrear—four rupees a month, while their fellow-tribesmen in the neighbouring Protectorate were receiving twenty-six rupees. This is a very discreditable business. Stinginess is the worst form of economy, and we ought to have learnt by this time that it does not pay to run an empire "on the cheap." The fifth complaint is one of which the Foreign Office must expect to hear something more. It is "that young and inexperienced officers were sent out to command them, who did not know their language, and would not listen to their complaints." It would be interesting to know how many officers there were with the Macdonald Expedition who could hold personal communication with the Soudanese, and how many officers in the Uganda Rifles could talk directly with their men. Perhaps we shall learn this when the inquiry is held. The sixth complaint is that "it was through them that we were masters of the country, and yet they were treated like donkeys." The complaint is somewhat vague, though it is supported by some of the more specific allegations which have preceded it; but of the fact that it was through them that we hold the country there can be no manner of doubt. And the knowledge that this was so should surely have moved those before whom the grievances were placed to strain every nerve to remove every legitimate cause of complaint, even at some sacrifice of cherished ideals of the red-tape and pipeclay order. The last complaint was that they had been fired upon when they had only returned to lay their grievances before Mr. Jackson. No attempt has been or can be made to justify this act of supreme folly. Two British officers were present, Captain Kirkpatrick and Lieutenant Fielding. Neither could speak to the Soudanese in their own language. The latter is dead, but in a private letter, published some time ago, he has left it on record that he did not approve of the order given by his superior officer to fire on the Soudanese. We have no wish to judge Captain Kirkpatrick harshly for an error of judgment which he probably now regrets deeply. But listen to Janna Bilal. "We were afraid when we were fired upon, and thought that the Europeans wanted to kill us, and that they thought we wanted to fight. Up to that time we considered ourselves soldiers of the Queen." They had been dissatisfied soldiers seeking redress for grievances; the shots fired at them turned them into mutineers. It is a lamentable business, and no amount of inquiry will, we much fear, make it anything else.

Now, what is the upshot of this hasty summary of the grievances formulated by the Soudanese, and set out in the Blue Book? Is it not that there is, for all of them, some substantial justification, while for the justice of some of them there is, even in the

imperfect state of our present knowledge, conclusive evidence. And that being so, the question naturally presents itself, what steps are taken to remove these grievances? And it is here that the Blue Book suddenly fails us. There is an ominous silence. "In spite of every effort on my part, the mutineers marched off last night in the direction of Nandi." So Mr. Jackson writes; but what those efforts were, and how the two days at the Ravine station were spent, we are left in the blankest ignorance. Here is the crux of the whole business. Think what the inducements were. These men, and their kinsmen, were the backbone of our power in Uganda. They were essential to the existence, to say nothing of the success, of the Macdonald expedition. They had grievances, many of which were admittedly genuine. A little tact, a little knowledge of human nature—and particularly of Nubian human nature—should have sufficed to bring matters into train for settlement. Why the negotiations failed we do not know, and it is the elucidation of this mystery which will form the main interest of the inquiry. On whom the blame will eventually fall we do not know. Mr. Jackson was, at most, only Acting Commissioner, and had barely assumed the duties of the post when the trouble began. He was not responsible for the selection of the companies to serve with the Macdonald expedition, and neither he nor Major Macdonald can apparently be held responsible for the greater part of the grievances advanced by the Soudanese. But someone was to blame for turning men with grievances into mutineers. Major Macdonald has paid the penalty of his unfortunate dealings with the Soudanese during his former service in Uganda, and much of the criticism of which he has been the subject is now proved to be scarcely well founded. But we confess that we do not like the evidence of the Blue Book as to his action at the critical period after the Soudanese reached his camp. The men were under his command and they had grievances. "The Acting Commissioner," he wrote to Lord Salisbury, "has ascertained that the men appear to have grounds for complaint in the past, though they advance none against their treatment at my hands, beyond the fact that I did not take action with regard to their grievances previous to their joining my expedition—a matter which your Lordship will understand was beyond the scope of my powers, as it related to the Uganda administration." Now, apart from the self-exculpatory tone of this extract, we confess that we do not follow the reasoning. The "it's-got-nothing-to-do-with-me" attitude is not what we should, in the circumstances, have expected from the head of an important mission; and if the story of Janna Bilal as to what took place when the men asked for a *shauri* with Major Macdonald be correct, that officer's responsibility for subsequent events cannot be lightly dismissed. It is true that Major Macdonald appears to have made communications to Malruk Effendi, a Soudanese officer, which did not reach the men. This Major Macdonald might have discovered had he granted the request of the men for a *shauri*, or conference, at which they might state their grievances. On his arrival he did not ask them anything, but said, "No. 1 section, shoulder arms, right turn, quick march!" It is in the best style of the German non-commissioned officer, but is scarcely calculated to improve the temper of men suffering under a sense of unredressed grievances. "What is the meaning of this?" they asked. "We want to see him. He comes and won't speak to us, but orders us away. We won't go, but will run away." The promised inquiry will presumably determine for us how far, if at all, Major Macdonald's action contributed to the bringing about of this most lamentable mutiny; but in the meantime it must be confessed that the Uganda Blue Book does not greatly impress us as to Major Macdonald's fitness for the position of the leader of an important African expedition.

PRISON REFORM.

THE agitation raised last year upon this subject, which bore fruit in a useful Act, has now resulted in the preparation of certain draft rules for the management of prisons, which will, we are sure, be received with general assent. We live in a time when the public conscience is acutely sensible to the charge of want of feeling; in a time when generous sentiment and enthusiasm demand a hearing upon every side. We have to guard, no doubt, against the risks of sentimentalism more than our fathers had a generation since. But there is yet ample scope for the reformer and many a long-slumbering abuse to be removed. We live at the same time in an age when intelligent men see more and more the necessity of specialisation, of minute study and of detailed thought, in every department of affairs, and when the public realises the danger of hasty generalisations, of cast-iron formulas and inelastic laws. The result is that we have been driven to reconsider many of the rules on which our treatment of the weaker elements of society is based, to criticise afresh our dealings with criminals and our provision for the poor. Anything which tends to humanise official regulations, anything which emphasises the fact that human beings, however brutalised or helpless, are still individuals and not an indistinguishable mass, must, it is now generally admitted, make for the improvement of the State. It is in accordance with this spirit that the new prison regulations have been drafted. Based as they are upon knowledge and experience, they run no risk of being set down as philanthropic fads. But in their discriminating hopefulness, in their resolve to treat crime no longer as a thing beyond pardon or cure, they represent the modern attitude, and, it can hardly be doubted, the right attitude as well.

Hitherto, even in the best-managed prisons, there has been too much disposition to class all criminals together and to treat them all alike. But under the new rules this is altered. Henceforward in all prisons, besides the ordinary class of habitual offenders whose record and character are seriously tainted, there is to be a "star class" of prisoners who have never been previously convicted, or who are not habitually corrupt, and who are to be kept separate from the others, unless they show themselves unworthy of the discrimination exercised in their behalf. Moreover, in the convict prisons there is to be an "intermediate class" of prisoners within twelve months of their release, as to whose future when released there is good ground for hope; and in the local prisons there is to be a separate class for juvenile offenders. A system of progressive stages is to be established, with privileges attached to every stage. Good conduct and industry will entitle any prisoner to be promoted from stage to stage, and will ultimately secure for him, if they be maintained, some remission of the term for which his sentence runs. The value of this reform is stamped upon its face. In the rules for local prisons careful provision is made for keeping prisoners awaiting trial apart from convicts and from contaminating influences. In matters of dress and in regulations as to cleanliness they are to be saved as far as possible from humiliation. Juveniles especially are to be classified and treated with exceptional indulgence. They are to have their cell doors open in certain cases, "in order that confinement may be as little as possible oppressive." They are to have special books, and pictures to look at if they cannot read. They may be employed in workshops and in gardening. They may have drill "with a view to their physical development." They may have extra visits from their friends, providing those visits have an improving end. They are to receive special attention from the chaplain, and special care is to be taken of them on their discharge. And any case of a child under fourteen being committed to prison is to be reported to the Home Office direct.

Equally humane and careful are other regulations in the code. Special stress is laid in the new rules on the responsibility of the prison chaplain, who "is expected to allot a considerable portion of his time to visiting, admonishing, and instructing the prisoners," to attend to their mental and spiritual welfare, to assist them throughout with advice and sympathy, and to use his best endeavours to get them employed on their discharge. But the chaplain's increased activity is only part of a general scheme for giving the prisoners new opportunities of study and of work. For instance, provision is to be made in every prison for the teaching of reading, writing, and arithmetic, and proficiency in learning will have the same kind of privileges as proficiency in work. Each prison is to have a library attached. Instruction is to be compulsory as well as work. A daily record of the industry of every prisoner is to be kept in marks; and the better he works the better his condition will become. In local prisons the visiting committee are required to assist the Commissioners with advice as to the occupation of prisoners, to choose books for them, to organise, if thought desirable, lectures and addresses for them, to ascertain whether the employments provided are the best fitted to enable them to earn their livelihood in their own localities on their release. Prisoners awaiting trial, and misdemeanants in certain classes too, are to have facilities for following their own trades and for earning money by them. Boys and girls, when unconvicted, are to be encouraged to work. Special technical instruction is to be given to prisoners expecting their discharge. The value of occupation, and the desirability of making prisoners feel that there is some object in their work, are brought home clearly to the official mind. The responsibility of the State towards the prisoners whom it discharges, which does not cease when they leave the prison doors, is recognised in the emphasis laid on the necessity of securing all the co-operation possible, both inside the prison and without it, towards starting criminals in life again. The weight of this task must fall chiefly on charitable people independent of the State. But it is a gain to society that the State should realise so clearly that the object of imprisonment is not only detention, but, wherever possible, to fit a man to lead an honest life again.

There are various other little indications of the sympathetic spirit in which these rules are framed. Good behaviour is to entitle prisoners to additional visits from their relations. Prisoners awaiting trial are not to be exposed to the view of the other prisoners' friends. Indignities, such as compulsory hair-cutting and baths, are to be spared as far as possible, except when guilt is clear and strong. Juvenile offenders are not to be asked to sleep without a mattress. No prisoner is to be punished until he has heard the charges and the evidence against him and been allowed to make his defence. Dietary punishment is not to be inflicted without medical permission. The clothes of a prisoner awaiting trial are to be different in colour from the convict's clothes. No one, moreover, who reads the elaborate regulations as to diet, will feel that our prisoners have any ground for complaint upon the score of food. Both measure and material are ample, and if a convict complains of the former, he is entitled to have his food weighed out for him under his own eyes. Beef and mutton, suet and potatoes, cocoa and porridge, and flavourings of various sorts, all measured out in regular proportions, and added to the daily liberal supply of bread, make a wholesome and not unpalatable fare. Many a family outside the prison walls, many a woman especially, would be thankful could she reckon on the food enjoyed by those within. Indeed, it is doubtful if the diet now given in our prisons can be regarded in any way as a deterrent to crime. We are satisfied, however, that the principle on which these rules are drawn is right. To discriminate moral weakness from ingrained depravity, to substitute as the end of justice reformation for revenge, to develop wherever possible the better instincts of wrong-doers, to prevent a single error from leading to despair—these are objects which no wise reformer should neglect. Sentiment so guarded and directed is but the strictest common-sense, and in the long run, even with criminals, common-sense will tell.

"THE SORROWS OF SCRIBBLERS."

A "MAGAZINE contributor" is pleasantly garrulous in the *National Review* about the "sorrows" of his trade. He describes how a man may serve an apprenticeship to magazines, how he may be "declined with thanks" for years till editors are too weary to resist him. An editor seems to do business with a magazine contributor much as you buy matches in the street, not because you want them, but because of the vendor's persistence. A rejected manuscript is not bedewed with tears, and hidden away in a drawer; it is gaily readdressed and sent back to the editor who has had the temerity to refuse it. He may struggle against his fate for a while; but there comes a morning when he can hold out no longer, and so the article is passed for the next number. This is not mere weakness on his part. An editor cannot always fill his pages with first-rate matter any more than a theatrical manager can always produce works of genius. There must be melancholy gaps to be filled by the second or even the third best; hence the triumph of the contributor and his oft-rejected labours. Sure of his goal in the long run, he suffers no stings of mere literary *amour-propre* in the interval. There may have been a day when the magazine contributor strove to write literature. In our own ripe commercial time, he is not troubled about style. He does not toil over his parts of speech like Flaubert. An eye for "facts," and a nose for "personalities": these are his simple needs.

There would be nothing sorrowful for the magazine contributor if it were not for his scanty recompense. The hunt for "facts" and "personalities" must be exhilarating; the indifference to grammar is a matchless liberty of the intellect. Many people who scribble for a livelihood never learn the elements of prose composition; but this ignorance is not amongst their "sorrows." The real hardship is that it is difficult to earn from twenty to fifty pounds a year by steadily bombarding the editor with the manuscript which he has rejected in his haste. Does this toil with its poor reward wring the bosom of the public? When a story-teller makes his hero or heroine a suppliant to editors, a starving scribbler in a garret, is that a sure way to the great heart of the sentimental multitude? At one of our theatres there is a play which tests the tear-compelling influence of the scribbler's woe. A distinguished literary critic sits in a kind of office, where he sometimes works, but more frequently listens to the miscellaneous chatter of his visitors. He gives out books for review, and the happy reviewer promptly sits down and, apparently, copies the title-page before reading a line of the work. It is not at all unusual for a pretty girl to stroll in when the critic is writing, and tell him a story, though, for aught he knows, she is a perfect stranger. Besides, what is his principal occupation? Is he dusting classic idols, or inquiring subtly into the psychology of some illustrious modern author? No; he is adjudging a prize competition! The proprietors of a weekly journal have offered a thousand pounds for the best story; and this Sainte-Beuve is playing umpire.

So far, you have only the unwittingly comic aspect which the literary profession always assumes on the stage. But one of the competitors for the thousand pounds makes a bid for pathos. He is an ancient clerk, and he has written a story with the fatuous

notion that he may win the trophy. Observe that this is quite in accord with the popular conception of prize competitions. They are supposed to offer wealth to the destitute and deserving. Whether the subject be a puzzle or a Miltonic ode, it is always within the reach of people who are looking out for an honest opportunity to better their circumstances. So the ancient clerk sees nothing absurd in his attempt to win the thousand pounds, and when he hears that his tale is devoid of merit, he slowly tears it up—an easy operation, for it is written on two sheets of foolscap—puts it in the fire, and drops his head on the mantelpiece. Sainte-Beuve, very much affected, silently shakes the old gentleman's hand. Is this a real, heart-gripping sorrow, according to the emotional standard of the pit? Can any pittite, well stricken in years, imagine himself, without the smallest qualification for literary industry, writing a story and hoping that it will gain such a lucrative prize? To the sophisticated playgoer who knows something about the composition of fiction, this pathetic scene may be childish; but what is its effect upon the mind which regards success with a prize story as an affair of luck, like "spotting the winner"?

Perhaps it is safe to conjecture that the sorrows of scribblers, even when they have a real claim to pity, do not touch the imagination very keenly. In Mr. George Gissing's "New Grub Street," that sombre epic of the literary toiler, the saddest figure is the writer of fiction who exhausts his talent and finds himself wrecked from sheer lack of ideas. To anyone who understands the creative temperament, that is a tragedy; but would it excite as much compassion in the world at large as the unmerited misfortune of a man of business? A painter suddenly bereft of sight, a composer smitten with deafness like Beethoven, these would receive a large measure of sympathy, because deafness and blindness belong to the common stock of calamity. But the story-teller who, to the general eye, enjoys robust health and complains of a paralysed fancy, how can he arouse the sympathies of readers who do not know the anguish that lies behind the printed page? Suppose a friend announces this sorrow to a dinner-table: "I saw poor Smith yesterday. A terrible thing has happened to him. He can't write any more." "Why?" demands the table, thinking that Smith has influenza very badly. "He hasn't the ghost of an idea!" The table reflects for a moment, and then laughs. It has discovered a joke. Smith hasn't the ghost of an idea why he can't write! Capital! "I mean," explains the friend, "that he has no ideas left, no plots, no characters. He sits at his desk all day with a blank sheet of paper before him. It is as if he were a blacksmith and couldn't lift a hammer." "Blacksmith!" says the table, scenting another jest: "Oh-h-h!" This is the sportive groan which rewards a pun now in all ranks of society. The friend becomes a little exasperated. "I am sorry I cannot make myself plain. I mean that Smith is literally incapable of pursuing his employment. His general health is all right; but his literary faculty is completely gone." "Why not advertise?" says the incredulous table. "A well-known novelist who has lost his ideas will be glad to borrow some. No obligation admitted if they should turn out to be his own!"

To be without money, food, or a decent coat, is an affliction intelligible to all; but a literary man in want of ideas cannot be taken seriously even by the most tenderhearted. Who would dream of raising a subscription for the indigent Smith? Such work as his, in the popular view, comes by nature, like Dogberry's reading and writing; and any lament for his destitution would be regarded as a joke or a fraud. Thus the keenest sorrow of the scribbler is beyond the pale of common humanity; and that may be the reason why so many of his class have abandoned the cultivation of ideas, and betaken themselves to "facts" and "personalities."

A PORTRAIT OF SHAKESPEARE.*

A NEW study of Shakespeare by one of the best equipped critics of our age ought to, and doubtless will, receive a cordial welcome in Britain. The author's acquaintance with Shakespeare's works, with Shakespearian literature, and with the history and social life of Shakespeare's time, is of an intimate and all-embracing nature; only deep love and reverence could undertake and carry out to a successful issue a self-imposed task of such magnitude. It has been to Mr. Brandes clearly a labour that physicked pain. He delights in the difficulties of his subject, and lingers over the most insignificant details. He is loth to write *finis*. After the last chapter we have "The Ride to Stratford," "Stratford-upon-Avon," "The Last Years of Shakespeare's Life," "Shakespeare's Death," and "Conclusion"; five supplementary chapters after Shakespeare's work is done, and such minute particularisation as this—"He would put up at the inns at which he was accustomed to stay on his yearly journey to and fro, and where he was always greeted as a welcome guest, and given a bed with snow-white sheets, *for which travellers on foot were charged an extra penny, but which he, as rider, enjoyed gratis.*" And this is not a mere dab of local colour laid on with a trowel to convince or gull "your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander"; but typical of the writer's genuine sympathy with human affairs, as well as of an insatiable curiosity, and of a keen and resolute temper that "will be satisfied." Contrast this method with the breathless and summary conclusions of Carlyle's biographies. The *verve* and analytic cunning of the Dane are not, of course, comparable with the gigantic power and visionary gift of the Scot; only, the haste of the one reveals the indifference of the author, his own purpose having been effected; while the loitering steps, the long *ritardando* of the other, indicate a willing subordination to his subject. Indeed, Mr. Brandes is as much the poet as the critic in many passages in this work. He has all the *naïveté* of a poet when he talks of Shakespeare "sitting by his fire at night," and of how he read on in his Plutarch and came to the life of Marcus Antonius—"this he read first out of curiosity, then with attention, then with eager emotion"; or when he breaks out in a style long unused in our country—"But none the less dear to us art thou, O Hamlet," etc. Sometimes he surprises us with a curious unilluminative illustration, an odd anti-climax; or arrests us with an adventurous psycho-physiological statement like this, of an age "when even intellectual eminence was still accompanied by a bull-necked vigour of physique such as in later times we find only in the savage chieftains of distant corners of the world." This suggests a comparative study worth the attention of our psychometers and anthropometers; at any rate it seems a much more likely method of arriving at some not insignificant result than the egregious new science of "solistry." When one is asked for the cast of one's foot for an illustrated article in a monthly, upon the assurance that solistry is really as accurate and reliable as palmistry, one agrees with the argument but declines the invitation. The size of the collar, however, might be at least as important a measurement of mental capacity as the size of the hat; and it is a question if statistics would support Mr. Brandes's theory. It would probably be found that a good solid neck, containing large and muscular veins, like that represented in Shakespeare's bust, is still the viaduct of life to the powerful, active brain. As examples of Mr. Brandes's frequent brilliancies I may quote his description of *Romeo and Juliet*, as "at once the pæan and the dirge of love"; and his remark on the ever-increasing vitality of *Hamlet*—"One generation after another has thrown its

* "William Shakespeare: A Critical Study." By George Brandes. Two Vols. London: William Heinemann.

imagination into the problem, and has deposited in Hamlet's soul the sum of its experience."

When Mr. Brandes assures us that "it is to refute" the "idea of Shakespeare's impersonality and to indignantly repel (*sic*) an ignorant and arrogant attack upon one of the greatest benefactors of the human race," that his study of Shakespeare has been written, we believe, and wonder. "To give to another the honour due to his genius, and to bespatter him and his invulnerable name with an insane abuse which has re-echoed through every land"—well, if the intelligent foreigner insists on slaughtering our dead dogs we must thank him with what gravity we can. The intangibility of Shakespeare's personality in his works—a favourite view of some English critics, and notably of Mr. Swinburne—involves matter of more importance than the Bacon business. In refuting this opinion, Mr. Brandes engages our attention, and arouses a quite acute interest by the firmness of his outline, by the splendour of the light and the depth of the shadow in the portrait he draws. Every artist—and Mr. Brandes is the critic as artist—puts himself into his work. In Shakespeare, therefore, Mr. Brandes, I take it, finds the supreme critic of the world employing stupendous, but subsidiary, poetic gifts in the most searching inquiry life has ever undergone. The intellectual athlete in Shakespeare appeals very strongly to Mr. Brandes. Once, indeed, we find him saying that Shakespeare was not actually ambitious; but this is clearly some haunting memory of the impersonal Shakespeare whose ghost he undertook to lay, for a page or two further on he insists that Shakespeare could not but strive from the first to outdo his fellows, and at last came to think, like Hamlet, however deep they dig—

> "It shall go hard
> But I will delve one yard below their mines"

—one, he adds, of the most characteristic utterances of Hamlet and of Shakespeare. (In passing, it may be noted that it is characteristic of the self-deception of Hamlet, who never does anything except by accident.) Further, Mr. Brandes finds that the primary object of Shakespeare's aspirations was neither renown as a poet nor popularity as an actor, but worldly prosperity and "prosperity regarded specially as a means of social advancement." It was for this that Shakespeare outdid his rivals, and beggared posterity: because he was above all things a critic, and never forgot that we must cultivate our garden! Having achieved the desire of his heart, he withdrew to Stratford, and with a sovereign contempt for posthumous fame left his poetical reputation to take care of itself. It is a sinister figure Mr. Brandes shows us at the last—friendless, alone, hard-hearted, and contemptuous. With great art he pieces together the few biographical shards that remain of the final years in Stratford, and builds up the sombre tomb in which he sees Shakespeare bury himself alive. The same conspicuous power of delineation serves the author in all the stages of Shakespeare's career. He projects his imagination into the mind of Shakespeare as he understands it, and gives us a lifelike and convincing portrait. A writer who can make so much of the scanty fragments concerning the last three years in Stratford has ample material in the plays and sonnets for Shakespeare's life in London. That he uses Shakespeare's writings to build up a personality boldly and successfully there can be no doubt. He shows, perhaps more pointedly than has ever been done before, that the man who employed whatever suited his purpose in the writings of others was not slow to take suggestions from what must have been more interesting to him than all the books, viz. the outstanding personages and events of his own time. The sensual side of Shakespeare's life, with Mary Fitton as leading lady, is as firmly handled as his intellectual development. It is a splendid, powerful, solid painting; and one can see at a glance that it is meant for Shakespeare; but to my mind a true portrait of Shakespeare can never be drawn. Happily, we have his plays.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

THE DRAMA.

"THE SEA FLOWER."

MATTHEW ARNOLD was fond of quoting a saying of Sainte-Beuve's: "L'écueil du genre romantique c'est le faux." It must be quoted once more over *The Sea Flower*, a new four-act play at the Comedy, by Mr. Arthur Law. Take the incident which gives its title to the play. A tourist lodging with a Cornish fisherman learns that his landlord's "adopted niece" was picked up as a baby at sea. She was found lashed to a spar. The tourist's wife and child happened to have been lost at sea about that time. A comparison of dates, and the initials on the child's linen, show at once that the girl is the tourist's daughter, and you have one of those "recognition scenes" about which Aristotle has so much to say. "Why drag in Aristotle?" Because to Aristotle the incident would have seemed a perfectly natural one. As we all know, Greek drama-plots reflected a still earlier society than that for which they were written. The loss of a child, and of all trace of a child, followed by its discovery among strangers after many years, must have been a fairly common incident in the nomadic stage of society. Such an incident, at any rate, would in no way strain the credulity of a Greek audience. It would remain a plausible dramatic theme, of course, long afterwards, so long as society was unsettled and means of communication were limited. But at this time of day it passes belief that a child could be picked up in the English Channel, with its linen plainly marked, and that its father could remain in ignorance of its recovery. The fact would be reported in every journal in the kingdom. The old fisherman would be "interviewed" and have his portrait (with the baby in his arms) in all the illustrated papers. The *Daily Telegraph* would get up a shilling subscription for him. But Mr. Law asks us to ignore all this—or, rather, seeing so many plays from time immemorial provided with a story about a long-lost child and a strawberry mark on the left arm, he thinks the idea is still "werry capital." Here, then, you have a case of *le romantique* degenerating into *le faux*.

Take another incident. Fifteen years ago the child's father was court-martialled and cashiered for disobedience to orders and cowardice in face of the enemy. He was accused, and convicted, of having withdrawn his detachment from an Indian frontier fort which he had been instructed to hold until relieved. As a matter of fact the order of withdrawal had been given by his lieutenant, while he himself lay sick and unconscious in his tent. He has a witness to prove these facts, but he compels the witness to be silent, and deliberately takes the guilty man's offence upon his shoulders. Why? Simply because he has a tender (but quite irreproachable) friendship for the subaltern's wife. He would rather incur ruin himself than let the lady (who, by the way, does not love her husband) have the pain of seeing her husband disgraced. Here again you have *le romantique*—nothing could be more romantically heroic than the conduct of this devoted lover, who has the finest courage of all, the courage of letting himself appear to the world as having none—but it is, you feel, strained, high falutin', contrary to sober judgment and common-sense; that is to say, it is *le faux*.

And throughout the piece you have this degeneration of the romantic into the false. After fifteen years the father comes, as a mere chance tourist, to the very cottage which shelters his long-lost child. That child of his, too, is wooed and won by the son of the very man whose guilt he had taken upon his shoulders. The cowardly lieutenant has now become a tyrant-squire of melodrama, who casts off his boy (in the approved formula, "You are no longer a son of mine, from this moment I disown you," etc.) for wedding this simple village maiden. When the tyrant conveniently dies of heart disease, all the

couples in the play pair off and are "happy ever after." All thoroughly romantic—and all thoroughly false. Needless to say that the dialogue is as unreal as the theme. Not a serious character in the play speaks naturally. In emotional crises—when real people are mute or incoherent—these are prolix, and "talk like a book." I expressly restricted this criticism to the serious personages, because in the humorous characters—the Cornish fisherfolk, for instance—there is a touch of nature. These fisherfolk are very pleasantly played by Mr. Charles Groves and Miss Gladys Homfrey, and another minor personage—a serio-comic Tommy Atkins—stands out from the rest, thanks to the brisk and debonair acting of Mr. Arthur Playfair. There is no more ingenuous *ingênue* than Miss Eva Moore. And there is no better representative of the "womanly woman" among our younger actresses than Miss Lena Ashwell, who plays the lieutenant's wife. Miss Ashwell is the possessor of that valuable gift, a rich voice "with tears in it," a voice which suggests a singer even more than an actress. With such a voice, Miss Ashwell makes an admirable representative of love-lorn ladies. "Il n'y a que les passions qui chantent," says Rousseau, "l'entendement ne fait que parler." But this actress has more than a mere vocal endowment; she has a certain pensive gravity, a winning simplicity of manner. She ought to make an admirable Louise in *Frou-Frou* or Mrs. Linden in *A Doll's House*. At any rate, she ought to be tried in something better than the part she is now playing.

A. B. W.

THE FUTURE OF SOUTH-EAST EUROPE.

CONSTANTINOPLE, March 5th, 1898.

THE history of diplomacy at Constantinople is like a kaleidoscope, always the same bits of coloured glass, but with every turn of the tube giving new figures and new combinations of colours. We have had here for a hundred and fifty years the same five great Powers represented by ambassadors always intriguing for their own interests, but constantly forming new combinations and alliances, sometimes honest and genuine, but more often hollow and hypocritical. Thugut, the famous Austrian ambassador in the last century, was always in the pay of France, and this same ambassador in 1771, when Prussia and Austria were in alliance, was secretly instructed to act in opposition to the ambassador of Frederick the Great. At this time all the Powers were playing a double game. England was assisting the Russians and at the same time professing to sympathise with the Turks. Before this, Vergennes, the famous French ambassador, after having devoted all his energies to excite the Porte against Austria and Russia, was suddenly ordered to make the Sultan believe that these Powers were his best friends. Not long after he was ordered to go back to his first position. This is the period from which we may date the opening of the Eastern Question; and from the middle of the last century, down to the present time, this game of cross-purposes has been going on at Constantinople—no one caring for the interests of Turkey, each Power seeking its own advantage, sometimes openly, but more often by fraud and deception, in alliance now with one and now with another. Russia alone has had a fixed and well-defined policy, which was brought out clearly in the treaty of Kainardji in 1774—to keep Turkey weak and to improve every opportunity to increase her own territory at the expense of Turkey—giving to Austria, the other claimant, as little as possible. In this process of dismemberment she has been more generally allied with Austria and Prussia. Their alliance was partly paid for by the division of Poland. Later Prussia secured supremacy in Germany, and Austria, besides other parts of European Turkey, secured Bosnia and Herzegovina, which she had demanded in 1774. France has generally been opposed to Russia, though often in temporary alliance. The same thing may be said of England. Since the time of Pitt her general policy has been to support the Turks against Russia. His words have often been quoted:—

> "They tell us: 'Let Russia keep all her conquests. Let her push them to the end and drive the Turks out of Europe. This does not interest us.' With those who adopt this principle I will not even discuss the question."

But France and England united with Russia at the time of the Greek crisis and secured her independence, and England united with Russia against France in the Egyptian crisis and saved the Empire of the Sultan. So in less important affairs England has often supported Russia. Her sympathy was with Russia in the last war, and even at Berlin she consented to the dismemberment of the Empire. Lord Salisbury has admitted that the Crimean war was a mistake. "We put our money on the wrong horse." Now France is in intimate alliance with Russia, but is at the same time opposed to any further advance of Russia towards Constantinople.

This confusion of interests and alliances has never been more apparent at Constantinople than during the past few years, and especially since the formation of the Concert of Europe, and the Sultan has known how to take advantage of it to ruin the Empire in his own way. Never have we seen such an appearance of unanimity among the ambassadors. They have consulted together constantly, meeting sometimes every day in the week, and professing to act together to restrain the Sultan and reform the Empire. It has all been a farce. Each one has been playing his own game, watching for the opportunity to gain some advantage for himself. England has strengthened her hold on Egypt. Germany has gained great commercial advantages. Russia has regained her influence in the Balkan peninsula, and seen the way gradually opening for her to take another step in the dismemberment of the Empire, while both Austria and France have lost prestige. Italy is a new Power, and of little account at Constantinople.

It seems to be the general impression that something is likely to happen before long which will put an end to this transparent farce of united action, and make it necessary for the Powers to show their colours. What England will do under these circumstances will, no doubt, depend upon the form in which the crisis may come. At present she has no fixed policy—except to wait on events, to defend her own interests, and to use such influence as she may have in behalf of the Christian nationalities. She has no longer any hope of reforming the Turkish Government, or saving the Empire from final dismemberment, but she will not consent to this without securing some decided advantage for herself. She could hardly ally herself with the present Sultan under any circumstances; but she has no enmity to the Turks as a race, and an alliance with Turkey is quite as possible as it was a hundred years ago, perhaps as possible as an alliance with Russia against Turkey. We may yet see Germany and Russia attempting to settle the dismemberment of Austria by giving Constantinople to Russia, with France and England defending Turkey. It is certain that Austria can no longer play the part here which she has in the past. Maria Theresa, as well as Napoleon the Great, prophesied that the day would come when all Europe would have to unite against the advance of Russia; but the time for this has passed, and Russia has never failed to find allies in Europe. Now the general awakening of the Slavic race has introduced a factor in the problem of which they never dreamed. Beaconsfield dreamed of transforming Austria into a great Slavic Empire with Constantinople for its capital, but he counted without the Magyars, who have made this an impossibility. So far as we can see, Austria must go to pieces, and Russia come to Constantinople. It is much more likely that the twentieth

century will be taken up with the conflicts incident upon these changes than with the purely commercial rivalries foretold by Count Goluchowski. This may be a pessimistic view of the situation, but it is impossible to live in Constantinople and have much faith in the morality of diplomacy. It is very much the same now that it was in the last century. The *raison d'état* covers all possible iniquities. Maria Theresa was one of the most pious of sovereigns, but she took her share of Poland and Turkey. "She weeps, but she takes," Frederick the Great said of her, and now that Foreign Ministers are supposed to be controlled by Parliaments and public opinion, the public conscience seems to be somewhat like that of Maria Theresa.

But to come back to the crisis which seems to be impending in the near future. It will probably concern Greece, Crete, and Macedonia, and will be in the present interest of the Christian population, although it will no doubt further the ultimate designs of Russia against Turkey. What will England do? Will she join hands with Russia and France to save these people from their present distress? It is quite true that these Powers did not sustain England in her effort to save the Armenians. Their action was cruel and exasperating, and, what with massacre, starvation and war, has already cost some half a million of human lives and untold suffering. No doubt England has reason to resent this action, and the Palace is confident that she will come to the aid of the Sultan against Russia. Stranger things than this have happened at Constantinople, but I believe that this will not happen. Alliance with the present Sultan is impossible, and I believe that it is the true policy of England to enter into cordial alliance with Russia and France to secure autonomy for Crete and Macedonia and such reform as is possible for other parts of Turkey. Such action would prove to the world that, so far at least as England is concerned, self interest—the *raison d'état*—is not the only motive which influences the foreign policy of great nations.

IN PRAISE OF SMALL GARDENS.

"THE world is so full of a number of things, I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings," says Stevenson, with a smile for the children, and for the rest of humanity—well, a laugh, perhaps. And he is right, about the world at least. It *is* not only full, but even somewhat inconveniently crowded with a number of things, and in our brief life of three-score years and ten we may be pardoned if we find some of them a little overwhelming for the perfect happiness enjoyed by kings. Is it fear of the bewilderment which follows any attempt to seize and make our own more than an infinitesimal fragment of the great crowded world, that leads some of us to love in nature, as in art, the delicate, complete and intimate, rather than the sublime, suggestive or remote? Michael Angelo, the Rocky Mountains, Milton, are names to conjure with, no doubt, but they are not "for every day's most quiet needs." And "every day" means most days, after all, and one may admire, but one cannot love, an acquaintance.

Leaving art aside, however, it is surely the *intimate* in nature, at least, that one loves with the tenderest, most heartfelt affection. To northern eyes, the first sight of a mimosa tree, a fountain of feathery blossom against a sky of burning blue, is a wonder and delight; but it is the white violet one stoops to take from its nest of moss under the olives that gives the keenest thrill of pleasure, after all. A hill-top view over a wide, fertile country is beautiful, doubtless, but it is unsatisfying, for the paradoxical reason that there is too much of it. A glint of blue sea at the end of a misty avenue of olives, or the larch-covered slope of an English hillside, at the moment when the primroses are in bloom and the veil of green over the trees is faintest and most vision-like, is worth leagues of panorama. The sense of being enclosed in a mighty forest is mysterious and awe-inspiring; but with what delight does one come suddenly upon a tiny dell, paved with blossoms, roofed with interlacing leafy boughs, shut off from the great wood by a ring of sentinel trees, such a bower as that once lost in a poet's childhood, but living still in the memory of all lovers of "little places"! Wide parks whose groups of trees are miracles of composition, the undulating pastures of pleasure-grounds, the stately gardens of Italian palaces, all these are fair and to be desired; but for pure, unmixed delight, give me the simple garden, and the small garden at that. The small garden; but it must have the right surroundings to give it piquancy, and that delighted shock of unexpectedness without which no pleasure is perfect.

It is after passing through the fields and copses of somewhat extensive grounds, for instance, that one comes unawares upon a garden that I love. A line of old grey wall, from which tufts of grass and ivy branches wave, a narrow arch set in its thickness, revealing a flight of grey, moss-grown steps; —the garden lies at the top. It is quite a little place, with a straight gravel path dividing a stretch of emerald turf jewelled softly with low-growing roses. A privet hedge, a belt of silver poplars, part of a grey wall, form the magic barrier against the outside world, and safe in their shelter lies this little emerald isle, the perfect home of peace. It is always June in the garden. No doubt there are other months; there are even those who maintain that in November the pear tree is as bare of foliage as any in the orchard, that the beds are as choked with sodden leaves there, as in the suburban gardens of Wandsworth or Balham, that the wind sweeps through the naked branches of the hazel-bower, where no birds sing, and, in short, that the sun-enchanted place is nothing but a few feet of soaked grass, dripping bushes, and empty flower-beds, under a leaden sky. But of course I am incredulous. It is summer at least in the garden, however sadly the hedges may drip outside, however miry the lanes, in whatever pitiless fashion the wind may sweep the quaking, shuddering rain-pools. In the rose-garden it is June. There is a pavement of velvet turf, and a roof of blue sky. At the entrance, just at the top of the moss-grown steps, stands the pear tree, scarcely less beautiful in her robe of fresh green than when, a month ago, she was the white-clad bride of spring. Flickering sweet-peas, like a cloud of butterflies, hang in festoons from the twigs in the circular beds. The roses are in their glory, and the hot June sunshine draws out their fragrance till the little garden is as full of perfume as the beautiful secluded room of an Eastern palace. Over one end of the wall a plant of everlasting-pea has thrown its cascade of gorgeous rose-pink blossom. Saffron butterflies pirouette above it, finding in the winged flowers kindred spirits—butterflies sunk profoundly in a charmed sleep of the summer's making.

It is a butterfly garden. Seated on the grass under the low-arching canopy made by two hazel bushes, one may watch for hours their silent, airy dance. In zigzag flight, white and yellow ones together, they now hover over the roses, now rise swiftly in a cloud, now chase one another in curious curving lines, fluttering, hovering, coquetting ceaselessly, their wings flashing like sunlit snowflakes, under a sky of dazzling blue. To write in such a garden, under the arch of the hazels, with their dainty leaf shadows making arabesques on the paper, is pure happiness, whether divine inspiration makes the pen that of a ready writer, or, in the more probable case, remains aloft, directing the dance of butterflies. In the branches of the hazels—all the dearer for being little trees—finches alight close to one's head. Even if they are shy, and choose the topmost twigs, they are yet very close in so small a leafy cave as the hazel bower. But they are not very shy; they twitter and turn their gold-green

heads from side to side, and bend and sway till the leaf-shadows on the white paper perform a dance of their own; and then, with a flash of yellow as they spread their wings, they are gone, and a thrush all at once begins to sing, just to show how useless is all the striving to put into cold print the colour and scent and sunshine of the place, since only in rapturous song can it find fit expression.

A peculiar fascination, too, lurks in the garden on the roof; the little leaded square, bounded by a parapet, over which flows a burning cascade of nasturtium, or the cool green waves of ivy or virginia-creeper. It must be wedged in between steep roofs close to the sky; a little flat arid space, originally, made as if by magic to blossom like the rose. Sometimes in foreign towns, as the train goes rushing through, one has a tantalising glimpse of such a roof garden, where in great tubs, orange trees and oleanders flourish, and a trellis of vines throws flickering shade upon the wooden bench and table beneath. To possess such a flowery bowery oasis amongst the chimney tops, a little enchanted space where every flower, every bud shall be precious as a jewel, has been my unspoken desire ever since the discovery of Hans Andersen and that garden, where, before the Snow Queen cast her evil spell, Gerda sat with little Kay under the rose bushes on the housetop. In this early association of roses with bricks and mortar lies perhaps the secret of a certain deep personal affection for the city garden, a garden whose green stillness is only intensified by its nearness to the busy haunts of men.

The garden of heart's desire should be in the midst of some ancient city. It should be girdled with high walls, sun-steeped, sun-mellowed, and of that rich wine colour to which old walls alone attain. Within, grass soft as velvet, and a few fine trees to throw long shadows at eventide. So that amongst them are the mulberry and the linden, that tree which "draws to earth the blessed sunshine," they shall be of what kind it please God. The towers and slender spires of a cathedral must be near, soaring far into the blue. And at dusk the faint drone of the organ shall fill the silence, and the lilies shall glimmer white along the border, and where above the walls, the roofs of the city are outlined against a faint saffron sky, it will be pleasant to watch the coming of the silver stars, and the silent flitting of the bats from eave to eave; to know where the poppies drowse against the sheltering wall, and where the roses have begun to dream the night away, and—— But there is surely some mistake after all; undoubtedly the local colour is too homely for a garden which, in reality, surrounds no meaner dwelling than a "Castle in Spain."

NETTA SYRETT.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE NEW TEACHING UNIVERSITY.

SIR,—In a paragraph last week you appeared to assume that, in a question as to "independent examiners" in the University of London under the Bill, I hinted at composing the boards of examiners wholly or mainly of "outsiders unacquainted with the kind of teaching received by their examinees." I am familiar with the system of examination of the older Universities, and what I had in view was examiners who have not taught the particular candidates they examine for degrees. I agree that to be a good examiner a man should have been a teacher; but I know the ill-effects of the individual teacher examining his own students for degree examinations.—Your obedient servant,

CHARLES W. DILKE.

76, Sloane Street, S.W., March 9th.

"THE TRAGIC MUSE."

SIR,—Was not Mr. Watson's protest called forth by the misuse of the term tragic—that you had forgotten literary feeling in pursuit of the language of the evening newspapers? I do not suppose that Mr. Watson would care to limit the subjects of poetry; but he is quite right when he objects to the use of tragic when applied to such as Mr. Phillips's poem. He may be wrong in demanding aristocratic connections; but, when we see the failure of various efforts (*e.g.* Ibsen's) from the lack of that which gives the appearance of great vitality, we can scarcely blame him when he sees the word applied to drift. It is, perhaps, difficult to define what is the tragic; certainly not in a man fallen on evil days, as Samson; neither is it in the struggle, though in Faustus. But, though there is nothing tragic in a fly being torn to pieces by a boy, nor in a duchess—a Shakespeare being eaten by a shark, still the tragic base may lie in both struggle and opponents. Perhaps we might say that the essence of all tragedy lies in the struggles of a noble mind to fulfil its own functions, and the reactions upon it by an adverse environment, either human or typified as human; at least, the interest is wholly human, perhaps we might say individual. But, if you concede the struggle, Mr. Watson is justified, for in Mr. Phillips's poem there was not—perhaps could not be—but was not resistance.—I am, Sir, yours, etc.,

A. S.

Birmingham, March 7th.

"RUSSIA AND GREECE."

SIR,—The attempt on the life of the King of Greece, universally condemned and deplored as it is, should not overshadow the issues involved in this question; much less should it stifle discussion. It remains still to be determined whether the attempt was engendered by enemies or by friends of the dynasty, so extraordinary are many of the circumstances attending it. Fortunately, the position of the Sovereign has been so much strengthened by it that the King can only be the gainer by an investigation in which his apologists need only adduce proof more convincing than specious arguments or aphorisms that recall the Jehovaic dispensation.

It is somewhat of a surprise to find Canon MacColl, who first provoked this discussion, declare that "if the assassins' bullets had effected the deadly purpose of the criminals, some share of the responsibility would certainly have fallen on those who have propagated those slanders in the British Press," because, forsooth, "they are copied into some organs of the Athenian Press, and thus receive a measure of importance which they do not intrinsically deserve." Canon MacColl was, if I am not mistaken, among those who demurred to the similar but much more tenable imputation that the Greeks were egged on to war by the demonstrations in England last spring. And in those demonstrations he had taken an active part. Yet I shall be much surprised if he can name a single Greek paper of consequence which has reproduced any part of this correspondence, save and except the whole of his own letter of January 8th. Obviously he is ignorant of the fact that the irritation against King George in Greece was not the outcome of opinions expressed abroad, but of revelations made by sworn witnesses in court: such as during the investigation of the scandal of Prince George's unloaded and unprimed torpedoes, and the more recent case of Lieutenant Kokoris, as related by the Athens correspondent of the *Daily News* of February 28th.

Those who have read that correspondence can entertain no sort of doubt as to the absolute validity of THE SPEAKER's own original conclusion—*i.e.* that Prince George's candidature "certainly gives colour to the story that there was an understanding between the Russian Government and the King of Greece as to the limitation of the war with Turkey, and that it was through this understanding that the commanders were at cross purposes and the fleet failed to act; and thus the dynasty is now receiving its reward." This is exactly what I have maintained and what Canon MacColl has strenuously disputed. But with an accuracy which is conspicuous throughout his letter, he owns that subsequently you, Sir, "repudiated the opinion for which 'Viator' now seeks to make you responsible." He is pleased to suppose that "you merely hazarded an *obiter dictum*." Yet he considered that *obiter dictum* of sufficient gravity to provoke from him a three-column reply in defence of his royal client.

I shall not dwell upon the numerous instances of similar trifling with facts and playing with words in which the Canon's letter abounds. They but confirm those arguments which he has studiously avoided facing. After affirming his own opinions as founded "on the very highest authority," and after indulging in empty protests, he has left my case unshaken and unassailable. Such, I think, will be the conclusion of those of your readers who have followed this correspondence from the outset.

I cannot, however, disregard certain other methods of the Reverend Canon which appear to me novel and incompatible with those rules of public discussion which I would have expected to see scrupulously observed by the author of 'Editorial Ethics"—an indignant protest against the hardships to which Canon McColl was subjected during one of his recent disputations.

Purporting to reply to my statement, he proceeds to fashion it in words of his own, and represents me as having said that the King "sent his army into Thessaly and Epirus under command of creatures of his own . . . with orders so to arrange matters that the Greek forces should be completely routed and the road left open for the victorious Turks to occupy Athens . . . and King George did all this in order to enjoy the abnormal pleasure of seeing his kingdom ruined, the command of the passes at the frontier transferred to Turkey, an indemnity of £4,000,000 imposed upon him, and a Turkish army settled for an indefinite period in the richest province of his realm." Anyone reading over my letter will be convinced that this summary is a misleading representation of its true sense. The Canon must

have been hard pushed to make out a plausible case, else he would hardly have adopted a mode of defence which must inevitably lead to disaster.

What I said, and what is believed by all those who, without holding a brief for King George, have sought to throw light on proceedings admittedly mysterious and suspicious, is that, for purely family considerations, he began by threatening the peace in the Levant which Russia was most anxious to maintain; that, on his own decision and by his own orders, Crete was invaded—not, as the Canon benevolently affirms, in order to pacify, but in order to annex it, thus creating a *casus belli* sufficient in itself to justify the Turks in marching into Thessaly; that, finally, when war became inevitable, he funked it, and, instead of fighting like a man of honour, the King accepted the treacherous overtures made to him by Russia, to limit the operation on land to a weak defence and a hasty retreat, and to disallow all action by the fleet. In consideration of this, Russia promised that his son would eventually be proposed as Governor of Crete, but as a vassal to the Sultan, and on the express understanding that there would be no union of Crete with Greece. That Russia conceives the candidature in this latter sense is clear from the text of the official Russian declaration published by Mme. de Novikoff in the *Observer* of February 27th.

Such was my contention. Failing to disprove it in any one particular, Canon MacColl has seen fit to render it in a form that "to state it is surely to refute it"; and he has further travestied it in words of his own which he most appropriately characterises as "egregiously nonsensical" and "puerile absurdities." But the facts as set forth by me in these columns, and by "Scrutator" in *Truth*, certainly bear out the contention that King George did "act from a motive of self-interest or revenge"—to use again the Canon's well-chosen words.

I also stated that the "King did not follow, he went in advance of popular excitement," and I adduced sufficient proof in support. Canon MacColl, however, "can certify from personal knowledge that this statement is directly contrary to fact." Having visited Athens for a few days in April last, he narrates, as conclusive evidence, that the King indignantly flung away a bit of paper with the words "Hurrah for war," which, horrible to say, had been pinned on the military uniform of the unwarlike Sovereign. Manifestly dates do not enter into the political computations of his Reverence. Else the Canon would have considered that he refers to events only a week before the actual outbreak of hostilities, when war was as good as declared, when the irregulars had invaded Turkish territory, and when the compact with Russia was already concluded. Whereas the warlike harangues of the King to which I alluded were indulged in late in February and early in March.

After these various specimens of the Canon's accuracy and profundity, to insinuate that "somebody crammed" me; to enumerate the "canards" I have swallowed; to appeal to an unavowed and unverified "highest authority" for the veracity of assertions which have been disproved by sworn evidence before the recent court-martials in Greece; this is certainly a mode of carrying on public discussion "too grotesque to merit serious considerations."

How else would it be? Thanks to the enterprise of Messrs. Cook & Son, and to the liberality and abundance of public-spirited bodies, almost any one may nowadays proceed to Athens with a twenty-pound note, and return in a fortnight primed by "the highest authority" with unimpeachable information, blessed with Royal acquaintances and equipped with all the secrets of the foreign legations in that ancient city. One short week sufficed to place Canon MacColl in possession of their inmost thoughts and convictions. And, being accredited to the King of the Hellenes, of course it was their duty not to avow to outsiders their belief in the compact with Russia. But as Canon MacColl admits that he considered it worth while to inquire into their views on the subject, he must have had some doubts as to its "puerile absurdity" before he was fortunate enough to be reassured by "the very highest authority." What diplomats, however, really think has been explained in *Truth* by "Scrutator," who, without any disparagement of the Canon, may fairly be taken as his superior in matters diplomatic, though he may be his inferior in questions of faith.

Canon MacColl offers a further instance of his methods in debate when he proceeds to deal with the absolutely conclusive quotations I subjoined from Mr. Henry Norman's writings. He ignores the fact that those quotations are from the remarkable article in *Scribner*, and says, "on the contrary, the *Daily Chronicle*, which may be taken to represent Mr. Norman's views on this subject, had a strong article against 'Viator's' accusation when it was made in a milder form in *Truth*." Now the "accusation" in *Truth* was couched in much more explicit terms than I ventured to employ; and the *Daily Chronicle's* "strong" article was demolished and pulverised in a second statement in *Truth*, which Canon MacColl either ignores or has not seen.

With equal regard for the logic of facts, he dismisses as a "monstrous superstructure on the flimsy foundation of campaign gossip" the imposing array of the evidence of all the foremost war correspondents of English journals. It is for them to acknowledge this piece of courteous appreciation on the part of a professed presbyter and dilettante politician, whose dissertations periodically enrich their columns. As for me, perhaps I may be permitted to suggest that "campaign gossip" comes with questionable grace from one who was loudest in his denunciation of Disraeli's famous "coffee-house babble," and most vehement in his protests against the ridicule cast upon his visions of impalements along the banks of the Danube. Had Canon MacColl listened, as I have listened, to those opinions which English war correspondents withheld from publication but freely expressed in private, perhaps he would have shown greater consideration for "personal knowledge" acquired, not at the *table d'hôte* or the royal ante-chamber, but during the campaign itself.

In this connection I may mention the significant fact that the Italian and other volunteers were, at the express orders of the King, not allowed to land in Athens on their return from Thessaly, on the ridiculous plea that they were Socialists; the true reason being that to a man they indignantly denounced the pre-arranged failure of the war. An insult was thus inflicted on brave men who had come to shed their blood for Greece, rather than that foreign witnesses should testify to what had really occurred.

Anyhow, it is comforting to find that Russia is no longer credited with those sublime and human motives which Canon MacColl had reason to discover in her actions of 1876 to 1878. He now admits squarely that her attitude towards Greece has been "brutal." In this I fully concur; and, therefore, I am the more at a loss to understand on what ground he attributes to me "a robust faith in the integrity of the dominant members of the Concert"—a faith which he styles "pathetic if not sublime." I have said nothing to justify that gratuitous imputation. What I said, and what I think every one not under the tutelage of "the very highest authority" will admit, is that if the Greek fleet had acted as it might have done but for the restraining orders from the Palace, it would have seized every island in the Ægean and have held them, at least as a counter stake against the advantages gained by the Turks on the mainland. *I am* "so simple as to believe" that Greece would have been allowed—no less than Turkey has been, in spite of the Identic Note—to retain, against ransom of some sort, any territory she might have succeeded in conquering. *Beati possidentes!* Not only this, but I also refuse to admit that public opinion in Europe would have sanctioned the re-enslavement of any territory once freed from the Turks, or that it would have tolerated the Turks entering Athens. The triumphant Germans only nominally occupied a small quarter of Paris in 1870, and the victorious Russian stopped short at San Stefano in 1878. Moreover, it is a notorious fact that the Sultan was so apprehensive of the prolongation of the war that, on Edhem Pasha failing to reach Larissa within the first four days—as the Sultan was assured he would—Osman was sent to supersede him. And had the war been conducted in earnest, and with anything like determination, the Sultan would have soon offered terms rather than risk the uprising of all the Balkan States, which nothing could then have stopped from participating in the struggle. It was to avert this manifest danger that Russia proposed that shameful compact to King George.

Irrespective of these considerations, it was the plain duty of the King of Greece to make good his threat—uttered when he harangued his people into a frenzy for war and when he took into his confidence every Cook's tourist who asked for an interview—to place himself at the head of his 300,000 Greeks and carry on the war to the bitter end. And I again insist that there is no parallel between the eventualities that might then have ensued and the butchery of unarmed and helpless Armenians which arouses the Canon's philanthropic apprehensions.

He excuses, however, the King, because "when His Majesty was elected to the throne of Greece [35 years ago] he was a midshipman in the Danish navy, and he has had no opportunity since then to equip himself for personally commanding an army." But the King of Greece is by law, and has all along claimed to be, the supreme head of the army. And if he had the disposition, he would have found the opportunity to "equip himself" for its command. His talents and predilections, however, notoriously lie more in the direction of finance than of the kingly pursuit of arms. His very training as a seaman resulted, as far as Greece is concerned, in the diversion of the credits voted for the fleet to the construction and maintenance of no less than three Royal yachts. But since he was in no fighting mood, why make the boastful threat just referred to? Why insist on confiding the direction of the war to his no less unwarlike son and to his aides-de-camp—the laughing-stock of every military correspondent in Thessaly, and men invariably chosen from among the least efficient of Greek officers? It was to obviate "an embarrassment as was Napoleon's presence at the head of his army in 1870"! Involuntarily the Canon has cited the only available parallel to the lamentable direction of the Greek army by the Crown Prince; only more so.

Canon McColl is "almost ashamed to answer so entirely ill-informed and baseless an accusation" as that which he quotes from my letter—omitting its essential point and thus completely modifying its intention; and kicking open doors, he proceeds to copy the Identic Note, which I neither ignored nor questioned. I am amused at his misconception—involuntary, no doubt—of my sufficiently plain English. Yet I will endeavour to reply to his demand that I "produce some evidence that the King acted for his own personal ends." For, if I fail in this, he will "not stop to examine the accusation;" and this after devoting three long epistles to that laudable enterprise.

I need hardly remind him, that in politics, as in theology, absolute demonstration is impossible; direct evidence is rarely available in respect to contemporary secret undertakings; but circumstantial evidence is deemed sufficiently conclusive even in cases more easy of proof than the one I have dealt with. Canon McColl himself has not so much as circumstantial evidence to adduce when he proceeds to "suggest reasons," express "shrewd suspicions," and "give his own explanation" of events so astounding, as to have compelled Mr. Henry Norman—his chief competitor in reliance upon "the very highest authority"—to admit that the whole conduct of the war "contained a large element of the mysterious." But Canon McColl objects that "Prince George has given evidence in a court of inquiry, since 'Viator' wrote his letter, which entirely refutes 'Viator's' accusations." It so happens, however, that since the Canon wrote his letter, there appeared, in the *Daily News* of February 28th, a full account of the inquiry in question. And the following are the explicit statements of the Athens correspondent of the *Daily News*:—

"The above statements [in contradiction to the depositions of Prince George and in confirmation of the fact that the Palace ordered the fleet to remain inactive] are proved by official documents and attested by no fewer than one hundred and twelve naval officers called as witnesses. . . . The theory therefore propounded some time

ago in the English Press that the King of Greece was drawn into a private understanding with Russia, to the effect that if the Greek action by sea were carefully circumscribed within innocuous bounds, and the action by land limited to the defensive, Russia would interfere to stay the further advance of the Turks—a theory that I confess to have refused hitherto to believe—must be looked upon at least as possible."

I will add that the revelations in this inquiry were so distasteful to the King that the President of the Court and the Public Prosecutor—two distinguished officers—were placed on the retired list for having allowed the facts to ooze out; while Lieutenant Kokoris was summarily condemned on another count. Now, may I ask, are these facts also "monstrous superstructure on a flimsy foundation of campaign gossip"? Did the *Daily News* correspondent also build up his narrative on a fanciful foundation? Are the explicit and repeated assertions of the Vienna correspondent of the *Standard*—which the Canon discreetly ignores—are they also "too grotesque to merit serious consideration"? Are those English gentlemen, the responsible representatives of influential British journals, "trying to sow a crop of suspicions between the King and his subjects"?

Sir, I respect and admire your reverend correspondent's Christian endeavours to dissipate passion and assuage dispute. His contributions to the press have always this effect in an eminent degree. But there is, I maintain, an even higher and more pressing interest to serve by this discussion. It is that of truth and justice: it is to elucidate one of the most dark and mysterious occurrences in modern politics. The acts of kings are not exempt from inquiry. Surely there's no one in this country who now conceives the privileges and immunities of royalty as they are expressed in those memorable lines in *Cinna*:—

> "Tous ces crimes d'état qu'on fait pour la couronne
> Le ciel nous en absout, alors qu'il nous la donne;
> Et dans le sacré rang où sa faveur l'a mis,
> Le passé devient juste et l'avenir permis,
> Qui peut y parvenir ne peut être coupable;
> Quoiqu'il ait fait ou fasse, il est inviolable."

Surely there is no one who believes that the revelation of truth can damage any but the guilty. The deep-rooted loyalty, and their generous though somewhat light-hearted forgetfulness of the irreparable wrong inflicted on them, have again been demonstrated by their enthusiastic greetings of a Sovereign who has fortunately escaped harmless from an attempt, only as farcical as the late war itself. It is not their disloyalty which is apprehended. Those who endeavour to stifle this discussion are anxious that the truth should not become known in England as it is in Greece; but that the principal perpetrators of the disaster should noiselessly shift on the back of that wretched people, with the humiliation and the misery resulting from it, the opprobrium of cowardice and treachery.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

VIATOR.

PERSIAN LOVE SONG.

AS a cloud to the wind I am docile to thee;
As a rose to the nightingale sweet would I be,
And deep in thy thought as a pearl in the sea.

Thou art gone—falls the dark! Thou art here—breaks the morn!
Our sunlight without thee seems brilliance forlorn;
And this world's a dead king, of all royalty shorn.

What is love but a bird that would touch the blue sky?
What is love but a viol-string pitched far too high?
What is love but the heart's unappeasable cry?

I wait thee, heart's dearest—let life be the grove
Where I long for and meet thee, and walk with my love—
The green lawns for carpet, the white stars above!

BLANCHE LINDSAY.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

JOHN AUBREY.*

"HE was a shiftless person, roving and magotie-headed, and sometimes little better than crazed. And being exceedingly credulous, would stuff his many letters sent to A. W. with folliries and misinformations, which would sometimes guid him into the paths of errour"—thus far Anthony Wood concerning John Aubrey, an acquaintance of twenty-five years' standing, who out of pure good-nature and love of the occupation, had supplied him with quite a waggon-load of inestimable gossip. Some antiquaries are the most amiable of men; but there is a kind of antiquary (and each generation produces one at least) who would seem to be the most cantankerous, peevish, inhuman creature that walks the earth on two legs.

John Aubrey was one of the amiable sort. Born on the 12th of March, 1626, the son of a Wiltshire squire, he was entered, in May 1642, a gentleman-commoner of Trinity College, Oxford; and in April, 1646, proceeded to the Middle Temple. But the death of his father soon obliged him to quit his studies and look after his inheritance, which consisted of scattered properties in Wiltshire, Surrey, Herefordshire, Brecknockshire, and Monmouthshire, and was involved in a plexus of law-suits. In these he seems to have been pretty uniformly unsuccessful, as may be gathered from a memorandum which he, not ineptly, entitled "Accidents of John Aubrey." Here are a few extracts—

"1656. Sept. 1655 or rather I think 1656 I began my chargeable and tedious lawe suite on the Entaile in Brecknockshire and Monmouthshire. This yeare and the last was a strange yeare to me. Several love and lawe suites.

"1657. Novemb 27. Obiit Dña Kasker Ryves with whom I was to marry, to my great losse.

"1661, "1662, "1663 } About these yeares I sold my Estate in Herefordshire. Janu. I had the honour to be elected Fellow of the R.S.

"1665. November 1. I made my first address (in an ill hour) to Joane Sumner.

"1666. This yeare all my business and affairs ran kim kam, nothing took effect, as if I had been under an ill tongue. Treacheries and enmities in abundance against me.

"1667. December—Arrested in Chancery Lane at Mrs. Sumner's suite.
February 24 a.m. about 8 or 9 Triall with her at Sarum; Victory and £600 damaged; through devilish opposition against me.

"1668. July 6, was arrested by Peter Gale's malicious contrivance. . . .

"1669. March 5 was my triall at Winton from eight to nine. The Judge being exceedingly made against me . . . with much adoe got the moiety of Sarum: Verdict in £300.

"1669 & 1670. I sold all my Estate in Wilts. From 1670 to this very day (I thank God) I have enjoyed a happy delitescency."

In the year 1667, before his estate was squandered, this feckless gentleman happened to pay a visit to Oxford "in sparkish garb, with his man and two horses." (He kept a lifelong affection for Oxford, and particularly for his old college.) He still had money enough for book-collecting, which everyone allows to be the most amiable of extravagances; and, in a bookshop hard by All Souls', his eye fell upon a volume of "Notitiae Academiae Oxoniensis," and he inquired who the author might be. The bookseller answered that he was a Mr. Anthony Wood, of Merton College; which did not happen to be correct. This was enough. Aubrey had been a contemporary at Trinity with Wood's brother, Edward; and on the strength of this introduced himself to Anthony, talked to him about his studies, and offered to supply him with memoranda. He fulfilled his promise most generously, being, as Mr. Andrew Clark, his latest editor, puts it, "one of those eminently good-natured men, who are very slothful in their own affairs, but spare no pains to work for a friend." With his stores of out-of-the-way reading, of gossip acquired by his restless goings-to-and-fro among men of all degrees, and picked up with indiscriminate zest at the tables of his rich acquaintances, at meetings of the Royal Society, in coffee-house or tavern company, he was for Wood an absolute treasury of serviceable (and useless) information; and Wood kept him going with the hint (which possibly he did not mean seriously) that after

* "Brief Lives," chiefly of Contemporaries, set down by John Aubrey, between the years 1669 and 1696. Edited from the Author's MSS. by Andrew Clark. 2 vols. Oxford: The Clarendon Press.

serving their turn his contributions might be stored in some secret place and in due time produced and published to the great gain of posterity and the perpetuation of their author's fame.

Whether Wood meant it or not, he was right. There is a mood in which men read Milton, and another in which they read Montaigne, or Pepys. And among familiar writers Aubrey has his place—not by any means the highest, but a vast deal higher than the "reading public" suspects. He has just that touch of fatuousness which is the salt of familiar writing: which is, for certain, as necessary in the best familiar writer as perhaps it is in the best husbands. At times he suggests a sort of dissipated Boswell—a Boswell hopelessly lost and astray among 400 subjects for biography—*caret quia Doctore sacro.* He has the art of triviality to perfection, and his triviality spares no man. He confesses to Wood that the "trueth" affords many passages that would raise a blush in a young virgin's cheek, and requests his friend to "sowe-on some figge-leaves." Mr. Clark has obeyed this request, unnecessarily, as some will think, since his volumes are not likely to attain any great popularity in the circulating libraries; but readers will thank him for having given them *all* the "Lives" at last. Some of them, as he admits, are trivial; but, once more, triviality is of the very essence of the work. Hitherto we have been forced to be content with the edition of 1813, and it has been a shock to some of us to discover how bad and imperfect that edition really is. Its omissions are of course deliberate; but its inaccuracies become all the more wonderful when we learn that one of its editors was no less a man than Dr. Philip Bliss (whose superlative edition of Earle's "Microcosmography" Mr. S. T. Irwin, the other day, could hardly find words to praise). The Rev. John Walker, Fellow of New College, was Bliss's co-editor, and Mr. Clark raises an interesting but disquieting question when he asks, "If two eminent Oxford scholars could so pervert their author's meaning, can we have trust in the earlier redaction of greater texts, such as Shakespeare's?" For an instance, in the passage from which I quoted just now, Aubrey desires Wood to play the expurgator, "as Raderus to Martial"—the reference being to a commentator who edited Martial early in the seventeenth century. In the 1813 edition this appears "as readers to Martial," which is nonsense.

If one must speak the truth with his hand on his heart, it becomes a little difficult to say how this gossip escapes the condemnation which the late Mr. Freeman bestowed upon "chatter about Harriet." On Aubrey's narrative—or rather, on a note inserted in his text—depends, for example, the tradition that Milton was whipped at College. Is the note in Aubrey's handwriting? Concerning the saintly Vaughan we learn that his father was "a coxcombe and no honester than he should be—he cosened me of 50s. once": of Edmund Waller, that someone "(*quaere* Samuel Butler) made him damnable drunke at Somerset-house, where, at the water-stayres, he fell downe, and had a cruell fall. 'Twas pitty to use such a sweet swan so inhumanely." There still exists, I believe, a notice over the water-stairs of Somerset House (Did not Mr. Ruskin once comment on it, by the way?), which might have been set up after this scandalous freak. Of Archbishop Abbot we are told (his life was omitted from the 1813 edition) that a little before his birth his mother longed for a jack, and dreamed that if she could eat a jack, her son should be a great man. "The next morning, going to the river, which runs by the howse (which is by the bridge) with her payle, to take up some water, a good jack came into her payle. Which she eat up, all, her selfe. This is generally received for a trueth." Hobbes of Malmesbury had a big head ("I could putt my hand between my head and his hatt," says Aubrey), which was bald and thereby "claymed a veneration"; he "trod both his shoes aside the same way," and in his old age "used to sing prick-song every night (when all were gonne and sure nobody could heare him) for his health, which he did beleeve would make him live two or three yeares longer." Also "he would now and then sweare by way of emphasis." How pleasant to know Mr. Hobbes!

> He has many friends, laymen and clerical,
> Old Foss is the name of his cat:
> His body is perfectly spherical,
> He weareth a runcible hat.
>
> He reads but he cannot speak Spanish,
> He cannot abide ginger-beer;
> Ere the days of his pilgrimage vanish,
> How pleasant to know Mr. Lear!

The life of Hobbes was Aubrey's most serious piece of work in the way of biography. But the reader will find even more entertainment in his recollections of old college friends and masters, of Dr. Ralph Kettel, particularly, the President of Trinity, whose "Life" is a treasury of grotesque anecdote.

Mr. Clark can have had no easy task in deciphering Aubrey's MSS. The poor gentleman had descended to be a hanger-on at richer men's houses; he had to fall in with his patrons' habits; "to sit with them till they wearied of their carousings in the small hours of the morning; and to do his writing next forenoon before they had slept off their wine." This did not favour neat composition. Mr. Clark's description of the text and its condition is pathetic. Aubrey wrote at random, often with a head aching from a night's debauch; left blanks when his memory failed him; scribbled alternative words and sentences at random; was quite reckless in inserting additional matter—which went sometimes into the margin, sometimes into a wrong place in the text, "or on a wrong leaf, or in the middle even of another life, and often, of course, in a different volume." "If," he laments in one place, "I had but either one to come to me in a morning with a good scourge, or did not sitt-up till one or two with Mr. Wyld, I could doe a great deal of business." What strange company the Temple of Literary Fame does contain, to be sure!

But Mr. Clark's complaints of the state of the text are, of course, only his fun. He has produced an edition of Aubrey's "Lives" which is not only fuller than its predecessors, but immeasurably better, and reflects equal credit on him and the Clarendon Press. And he is too good a sportsman not to admit that the difficulties provided half the amusement of editing:

> "This huntin' may not pay;
> But we'n powlert up an' down a bit, an' had a rattlin' day."

A. T. Q. C.

REVIEWS.

HORTATORY HISTORY.

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI: HIS TIMES, LIFE, AND WORK. Being Lectures delivered in Substance in the Ladye Chapel of Worcester Cathedral in the Lent of 1896. By W. J. Knox Little, M.A., Canon of Worcester. London: Isbister & Co.

CANON KNOX LITTLE is not an ideal historian. Critical caution, a discreet suspense of judgment, are not to be expected in a rhetorician who has an edifying purpose and loves broad effects. History is always a difficult thing to write; when turned into a medium for exhortation to the meek in mind or served up in the form of fervid Lent sermons it is hardly possible that it should be history any more. This book was probably addressed to a fitter audience when heard in the Ladye Chapel in Worcester Cathedral than it is likely to command when read in cold blood in the reader's own study. In the one case the critical faculty would be subdued into the attitude of a respectful listener, and edification rather than instruction would be congenial to the spirit of the place. But in the other

case, even when the reader sits in an armchair with his feet to the fire and the lamp on the table, he may be more in a mood to be instructed than to be preached at; for he may regard the preacher as taking a rather mean advantage of him when he comes stealing into his presence with the mind and speech of a bleating lamb, though disguised in the garb of an historian. But it is not the garb that makes the historian; and so we soon discover that reading this book is like listening to a preacher too vigilant to allow any moral to escape him, and of too hortatory a bent to sacrifice any legend to truth if it only promise to enforce a point, console a penitent, or edify a saint.

There is indeed nowhere any more beautiful history than the life of Francis of Assisi. It was not without reason that Renan said that Francis has been the only perfect Christian since Jesus. But this needs to be qualified by saying that it was Jesus as the Middle Ages understood him, which means that it was not the original or historical Jesus, not the strong and stern as well as lucid and pitiful Christ of the Gospels, but the Jesus of the Italian painters, tender of heart, the Man of Sorrows, the Jesus of sentiment rather than imagination, in whom physical expression has superseded and extinguished spiritual ideal. Renan's other parallel of Francis with Sakya-Muni is much more correct. He is far more distinctly an Italian and mediæval Buddha than a mediæval Christ. His ideal of life is a curious carnalisation of Christ's notion of poverty, which may be expressed in Renan's phrase that "it was more noble to be poor than to be rich; that mendicancy was a good and a beautiful thing—a virtue." His temper and character, his intercourse with nature, his sense of fellowship with dumb creatures, his speech to them and their attitude to him, are all eminently Buddhistic, and look almost as if the greatest of Hindoos had been re-incarnated in the greatest of Italians. But these most significant analogies lie quite outside the range of Canon Knox Little's interests and aims. He might have made his book much more intensely vivid and true to history and to nature if he had sought his parallels in the India of the fifth century before Christ, instead of in the regions which, if nominally related to Francis, were materially distinct from his idea of life and of society and as regards activities altogether different from his action on his own people. The true analogue of the Franciscan Brotherhood is the Buddhistic Sangha, not the discipular circle that surrounded Jesus.

The book abounds in the *obiter dicta* of the preacher. "Reforms have seldom come from the higher clergy. Where bishops have been reformers they have usually been swept into a current, often against their wills." "The Albigenses ran into violence and extremes and then into deadly Manichean heresy." We have a compassionate reference to "poor Amiel." We have the interesting assurance that "man is a fallen being, and as a fallen being he has innate in him an arrogant vulgarity," which reminds us of a tale we once heard of a high-flown preacher who had not been accustomed to vaunt his poverty, ending a sermon on Judas Iscariot by piling upon him the most miserable epithets he could command: "he was a low, mean, vulgar fellow." Again, we have a curious locution, which is no less remarkable for its mixture of metaphors, where Rome is described as "possessed of forces which they dare not assail and which would bring them to their bearings." He says that the "De contemptu mundi" of Innocent III. is "severely ascetic, and approaches the exaggerations of Calvin in its view of the natural corruption of human nature." Then it must have been very faithful to Augustine, whose view of human corruption is much more exaggerated than Calvin's. He speaks about the early love of liberty in the Church and regrets the time when "heresy came to be treated as a crime," but he does not enter into the causes of the change. It would have been edifying, and might in many ways have done both him and his hearers good. The idea of heresy as a crime is inseparable from the idea of the Church as a State or as established and guarded by a State. Would he say that even in England to-day the idea that heresy is a crime is inactive and absent? What other idea underlies the whole argument which was recently so much in use to demand and justify the Tory policy on education?

But we take our rhetorical historian too seriously. We have not looked at his history, for his book could hardly be called in any scientific sense historical. His treatment of the "stigmata," for example, is a curious instance of what he would like to affirm yet dare not. He argues as to the possibility of miracles, a feckless enough thing to do in such a case. He claims that whether ecclesiastical miracles did or did not happen is a question of evidence, and then he falls flop down into a hinted natural explanation just as if he were any common rationalist. "Indeed, physically, it is not improbable that such deep and constant concentration of mind on the subject of the Lord's sufferings may have had an effect upon the body; such cases have since been known. Whether or not the 'stigmata' were actually on the body of the saint, the idea represented by the belief is a true one, that 'he bore in his body the marks ('stigmata') of the Lord Jesus.'"

He says in his Appendix, on the "stigmata," "Sabatier takes, I find, my view." It would be very much more accurate to say he takes the view of Sabatier. His points are the same, his phraseology is often almost the same, and we could hardly conceive that his Appendix would be what it is had not Sabatier written before him.

But we have said enough, and dismiss the book with the remark that it ought to be judged as a body of sermons or Lent Lectures, and not as a serious contribution to the history of Francis of Assisi, his order and his times.

LESSONS FROM AUSTRALIA.

AUSTRALASIAN DEMOCRACY. By Henry De R. Walker. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

IN spite of our Imperialists and our globe trotters, our Colonial Exhibitions and investments, we really know very little about the life of those vigorous young States of English race that are growing up on the other side of the world. Yet there are very striking parallels between our own labour problems—and some of the proposed solutions of them—and those which have arisen at the antipodes. Certain eminent students of "popular government" have thought fit to ignore, or have not thought of thinking of, Australasian experience. But it is impossible not to see that the aims of some of our own reformers have derived support, if they have not been suggested, by the partial realisation over there of similar aims. Mr. Walker modestly declines to discuss the applicability of Australian answers to British questions; but among the varied contents of his essays he has furnished a useful summary of the progress of various movements and experiments which our kinsfolk have carried further than we have. He has dealt with each colony in turn, made a sort of composite photograph of the aspirations of Australasian democrats, and left us to make our own applications.

State socialism in Australia, as Mr. Walker represents it, seems to be partly political and partly economic in origin. The squatter aristocracy did not get on with the free-selectors, and the miners introduced an industrial element to reinforce the latter. As gold mining declined, the workmen looked to the State for help, and the State was ready enough to open up the country by railways and public works, and to stimulate infant industries. After the Colonial Exhibitions in London, capital poured in, and there were temptations to a spirited and expensive policy of developing the country—temptations suspended by the crisis of

1893. Even before that certain checks had been found needful: the State railways of New South Wales and Victoria had been put under non-political railway commissioners; the Civil Services had been cut down; and New Zealand had reversed Sir Julius Vogel's over-ambitious land policy. But meanwhile, the Labour parties had organised and formed their own ends. In Queensland they are apparently less hopeful of success than elsewhere, and more militant. Elsewhere they have effected a good deal and aim at more. Industrial legislation is carried very far; a Compulsory Arbitration Act has been achieved in New Zealand; in Victoria home work has been interfered with, and Wage Boards instituted to fix a minimum wage. Foreign labour is kept out, as well as foreign goods—except, of course, that New South Wales sticks to the Free Trade faith. And the tendency is to get rid of Upper Houses; to make the executive more directly popular; and there are some indications of the introduction of the Referendum, if not also of the Initiative. Old Age pensions are nearer the sphere of practical politics in Victoria than with us. Labour colonies and village settlements have been actively promoted in South Australia, especially since the crisis, though with moderate success. Proposals for a graduated income tax and a tax on absentees (in New Zealand) exhibit traces of the old struggle between the masses and the landed aristocracy. And the duty of the State to promote the welfare of its citizens is seen in the subsidising of meat-freezing establishments and butter factories, and the promotion by a State department of the sale of the product—as well as of fruit and wine—in Europe. State Socialism, we gather, has come to stay; nobody objects to it in principle; everyone will use it for his own ends. Happily it does not seem to have checked the spirit of self-help in the Australian working classes; unless, indeed, by the common practice of finding work for the unemployed in bad times.

Did space permit, we would gladly transfer a good deal of Mr. Walker's information to our pages. We can only refer our readers to the book itself. Believing, as we do, that the State is an institution for the protection of its members and the promotion of their welfare, we decline—as most people now do—to draw any limits for its activity except such as are suggested by experience. We are grateful to these young countries for trying these experiments for us, and we detect a readiness to repeat them in our own Municipal Socialists. We may remark, however, that the Labour party in Australia, as in England, has proved impotent when it has stood alone. And we cannot say that its experiments seem to have been conspicuously successful. The State railways of Victoria have made heavy losses, and came near to making more. Both there and in New South Wales they have had to be taken out of politics and given over to non-partisan commissions. The Civil Service has at times afforded opportunity for a good deal of jobbery. A good deal of the industrial legislation of Victoria seems unworkable. Public works have often been mismanaged, and the village settlements of South Australia, undertaken as a relief after the 1893 crisis, have met with very moderate success. We do not know that such failures prove much in the great controversy as to State functions, now temporarily in abeyance. We confess we had rather the failures were made in the young and vigorous States of the Antipodes than in Great Britain.

Another experiment—female suffrage—has not had the results often predicted in England. The women have not shown themselves Conservative or Denominationalist, nor even actively Prohibitionist. They have apparently supported some of the measures of moral reform most talked of at women's franchise meetings with us—the suppression of gambling (they gamble by the "totalisator" in Australia), the repeal of the C.D. Acts, and other more drastic measures for the protection of women—all well-intentioned, some of dubious utility; while some Bills of the latter kind have been merely absurd. But, on the whole, they seem to divide much as the men do—at least, after the first novelty of the franchise wears off.

Denominational education, we need hardly say, is not in favour in the colonies. It has been definitely rejected in South Australia by a *plébiscite;* and the West Australian legislature has undenominationalised its system.

We might say a good deal about the strictly colonial problems to which Mr. Walker devotes much of his space. Kanaka labour, he thinks, is now freed of its abuses. We hope it is in Queensland; but the colonies have shown a bad example to nations who have no philanthropic element to keep them in check. The islanders have been recruited for Central America, and we fear there is not much hope for them there. He gives a very interesting account of his personal experiences at Coolgardie and the way thither, and some hardly less interesting "discursive notes" about Tasmania. He enters fully into the problem of the subdivision of Queensland; and he sketches the Federation question—though he is not quite up-to-date—and the Federation Bill. Loyalty to and pride in the Empire, he thinks, are general, however Republican certain sections may be. But the Australian will not acquire Imperial patriotism till he rises out of the merely local patriotism he now possesses to the conception of an Australian nation. Imperial Federation, in short, Mr. Walker thinks, can only come after the federation of Australia.

Mr. Walker's book is so full that it is occasionally rather hard reading; but it is eminently impartial and always valuable. We commend it as affording the material for an interesting study in comparative politics.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE.

RAMPOLLI. WITH A YEAR'S DIARY OF AN OLD SOUL. By George MacDonald. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

POEMS. By John L. Tupper. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

POEMS. By A. and L. (Arabella and Louisa Shore). London: Grant Richards.

SONGS IN MANY MOODS. By Nina F. Layard. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

DR. MACDONALD gives us full measure, pressed down and running over, of divine philosophy, of mystical religion, of spiritual vision and unction, with some secular things. Perhaps, indeed, he is too generous, for a faithless and ignorant generation will no more take its poetry than its religion at length. Of this big book at least three books might have been made; but that is not to say that the quantity deteriorates the quality. On the contrary, the whole book has a lofty poetical range. The workmanship is simplicity itself—a simplicity to be looked for, indeed, in the Song-Book of Martin Luther, but hardly in Novalis. Yet simplicity is, in a sense, the essential life of German poetry. The little ones of the earth can feel the tender old ballads, the poignantly-sweet love-songs and sorrow-songs, as well as the more subtle. If there is a fault to be found with Dr. MacDonald's translations, it is that they are rugged; but the German does not seem to lend itself to smooth translation. The spirit of Heine, for example, he renders sweetly enough, but unmusically. In his own part of the big volume, "The Diary of an Old Soul," the verse is quite measured and musical, and the long poem is a record of intimate spiritual thought and experience. A happy instance of Dr. MacDonald's poetry, at once simple and transcendent, is the Christmas poem from Novalis:—

> Earth's Consolation, why so slow?
> Thy inn is ready long ago;
> Earth lifts to Thee his hungering eyes,
> And open to Thy blessing lies.
>
> O Father, press Him forth with might;
> Out of Thine arms, O yield Him quite!
> Shyness alone, sweet shame, I know
> Kept Him from coming long ago.

Haste Him from Thine into our arm,
To take Him with Thy breath yet warm;
Thick clouds around the baby wrap,
And let Him down into our lap.

. . . . .

Our eyes they see the Saviour well,
Yet in them doth the Saviour dwell;
With flowers His head is wreathed about,
From every flower Himself smiles out.

He is the star, He is the sun,
Life's well that evermore will run,
From herb, stone, sea, and light's expanse
Glimmers His childish countenance.

His childlike labours things to mend,
His ardent love will never end;
He nestles, with unconscious art,
Divinely fast to every heart.

To us a God, to Himself a child,
He loves us all, self-undefiled;
Becomes our drink, becomes our food.
His dearest thanks a heart that's good.

These are passages in this poem, it seems to us, as innocent as Herrick in his divine simplicities.

Mr. John Lucas Tupper was one of the Pre-Raphaelites, and a contributor to the *Germ*. Now, after a lapse of many years, his poems are given to the public under the editorship of his friend, Mr. W. M. Rossetti, one of the few survivors of that band, the very name of which brings with it an atmosphere of romance. The poems are quite worthy of being preserved. They have a lucent and clear air, and the picturesqueness one would expect from the poetry of one of the P.R.B. The thought in them is tender, pensive, and often distinctive. There is a feeling for landscape in the poetry, and it is open air rather than clear-obscure. Some of the sonnets are particularly good. For Dante Rossetti's sake we would have liked to quote the poem on the Garden of Eden, which he praised so warmly, though the book has, perhaps, better things:—

Here be great white lilies
Leaning down their stalks;
The roses like lamps
Standing on their stems,
Burning out their spirit
From morning unto even,
Are dying and born,
And all the perfume given
Is given to waste.

The poems of Louisa Shore, which Mr. John Lane published some time ago, drew attention to the work of a woman who during her life had elected to be hidden, although her mental endowments and her poetic gifts almost entitled her to be called great. Hers was a strenuous Muse, concerned with lofty topics, having little care for what was popular or cheap, or merely pretty, looking only to express its message. Some noble and vigorous dramas, a few severe lyrics, too serious to be altogether in the lyrical spirit, some tender and touching memorial verses, are the *Reliquiae* of one who, with some added impulse and impetuosity, should have taken aforemost place among English women-poets. The new volume contains additional dramatic work by the greater sister, as well as "Fra Dolcino," the fervent and classical dramatic poem of the younger sister. A handful of ballads and lyrics at the end prove rather the elasticity of Arabella's work than of Louisa's, for elastic was hardly a word to be applied to the elder's mind or work. A tiny romantic poem by Arabella no doubt takes the reader's fancy:—

THE PIRATE.

Oh once I was a queen's husband, she was the fairest queen
That ever looked into a glass, or rode upon the green;
Now up and down, to spoil and slay, I sail upon the sea,
For I have lost, I have lost my queen, that loved and married me.

Oft, oft when the wind blows loud, and the waves are roaring high,
I can hear her talk and laugh, with her lords and ladies by;
For gay and good I found her, though I left her bold in sin,
And black was the white name she once had gloried in.

Yet never was so fair a queen, nor evermore will be,
So up and down, to spoil and slay, I sail upon the sea;
For I have lost, I have lost my queen, that loved and married me.

"Songs in Many Moods," though it bears only Miss Layard's name, has an appendix, so to speak, of some very charming poems by Miss Annie Corder. Both of these young women can write, though Miss Layard might have cut more; and if she will take a friend's advice she will avoid propagandism of any kind in her poetry as she would "Abdul the Damned." This is not to say that her enthusiasms are not laudable, but somehow the thing doesn't work. We assure Miss Layard that, admirable a cause as teetotalism is, not one genuine poem has ever been written in its name, nor perhaps in that of temperance, to use the word in its limited sense. Miss Layard pleases us with her charming carol which opens the book. Yet surely she wrongs the dear beasts of Bethlehem:—

And round the crib where Jesus lay
The wondering cattle stood;
And one has drawn the grass away
And swallowed it for food.

But no, no, no! There was no Judas in the stable of Bethlehem. What really happened was that the ox and the ass gave with joy their food to be the Child's bed, and forgot to be hungry, kneeling to adore Him. Miss Corder, the second contributor to the little volume, writes even more deftly and sweetly than Miss Layard, or perhaps she has known better how to reject. She has also a charming sense of humour, as is shown in "Grandpapa Tries to Remember." Her last poem, "Sir Galahad of His Dead Lady," might not have been disdained by Mr. Austin Dobson in the romantic days when he wrote of "Angiola on Earth" and "Angiola in Heaven."

JOHN NICHOLSON OF DELHI.

THE LIFE OF JOHN NICHOLSON, SOLDIER AND ADMINISTRATOR. By Captain Lionel J. Trotter. London: John Murray.

IT is surprising that until now there should have been no separate biography of a man so remarkable, and above all so picturesque, as Nicholson. There was a good memoir of him in Kaye's "Lives of Indian Officers," and this, together with the accident by which the family letters in Kaye's hands were burnt, perhaps stood in the way of anything fuller. But Captain Trotter's industry has succeeded in bringing together a good deal of fresh material, and building up a very lifelike figure.

Nicholson was only thirty-four when he died (for Kaye made a mistake in giving 1821 as the year of his birth), and to take the measure of the man we must call to mind how few men have made their mark by that age in these days of slow-growing reputations. He rose by sheer merit, not by interest, but he had the good fortune to fall upon a time and place that gave rare scope for his qualities, and to serve under men great enough to recognise his strength and bear with his foibles. Before he was twenty he had had to fight for his life at Ghazni, holding a burning house against Ghazi fanatics, and had been a prisoner in the hands of the Afghans for six months. He was adjutant of his regiment for two years and a half, and commissariat officer in the first Sikh war; and the experience gained in these posts must have been of service to him when he was placed at the head of the movable column in 1857, after ten years of so-called civil employment.

But these ten years included the second Sikh war and its antecedents, when he saved Attock by his audacity, with only thirty Pathan troopers, and repeatedly proved himself—in Lord Dalhousie's words—"a first-rate guerilla leader!" Twenty years afterwards the women of that district used to wake trembling, and "hear the tramp of Nikalsain's war horse." It was there, and at this time, that the sect of Nikalsainis took its rise. As political officer he was invaluable to Gough in his last campaign, and the Sikhs who in later days showed visitors the battlefield of Gujarât used to begin their narrative, "Nicholson stood just *there!*"

Among the best passages in this book are the

memoranda furnished by Sir Richard Pollock, who was in Bannu when Nicholson took over that wild border district from Reynell Taylor. "It was difficult to hear the first conversation of these two, as to what had been done and what had to be done, without more or less resenting the confident tone of the new arrival, who unconsciously overrode the explanations of the officer who had toiled so hard with great self-sacrifice, and from the moment of his arrival to take charge could only speak of what he hoped, or rather *meant*, to do to carry out reforms. The result soon justified all this, but one could not at the time foresee." Of Nicholson he says: "He was gifted with a powerful physique, a commanding figure and manner, and at once impressed those who had to deal with him as a man of indomitable energy, a very terror to evil-doers. . . Though very prompt when quick action was required, he could be very patient when patience was needed; his judgment was excellent, and his knowledge of character great, and he could bear with fools and even criminals when they were useful to him." After he had left the district, Nicholson was much pleased to learn "that the Bannuchis, well tamed as they have been, speak kindly and gratefully of me. . . . I hear that in an assembly the other day it was allowed that I resembled a good Muhammadan of the kind told of in old books, but not to be met with nowadays. I wish with all my heart that it were more true. . ."

He never got over his hatred and distrust of the Afghans, "the most bloodthirsty and treacherous race in existence," though with "more natural innate politeness than any other people I have ever seen." When his friend, Herbert Edwardes, was negotiating with Dost Muhammad in 1854, Nicholson warned him "how even the most experienced and astute of our political officers in Afghanistan were deceived by that winning and imposing frankness of manner which it has pleased Providence to give to the Afghans, as it did to the first serpent for its own purposes." When the treaty was to be signed he obtained leave of absence from the Durbar to avoid meeting them; but when the Mutiny came he owned that Edwardes had been right.

He and Edwardes were of one mind in protesting against Sir John Lawrence's proposal, in June, 1857, to hand over Peshâwar to the Amir, and concentrate on Lahore and Multân. Peshâwar, they said, was "the anchor of the Punjâb, and if you take it up the whole ship will drift to sea." Captain Trotter looks upon this proposal as an indication that the strain of that terrible time had told upon Lawrence's nerve, but it seems fairer to take it in connection with the frontier policy of his later life. Happily, it was overruled by Lord Canning. There was often friction between the strong wills of Lawrence and Nicholson, and when the latter was on his way to Delhi, Lawrence sent him the good advice, "Depend on it you would get on equally well, and much more smoothly, if you worked *with* men, rather than against them." Some allowance has to be made for this intractable character in reading his harsh language about Wilson. But we may accept the deliberate judgment of Lawrence in his report on the Mutiny: "The Chief Commissioner does not hesitate to affirm that without John Nicholson Delhi could not have fallen."

The book is provided with two portraits, and with good maps, especially one showing the distribution of the troops at the outbreak of the Mutiny. It it well written, though with some want of crispness. The author is thoroughly familiar with the history of India, and takes for granted a good deal of familiarity on the part of his readers. We have noticed very few mistakes or misprints; but in the storming of Delhi it was Brigadier Jones of the 61st, not of the 60th, who commanded the second column, and Campbell, who commanded the third, was colonel of the 52nd. It may be assumed that Henry Lawrence's advice (p. 127) was "Bear and forbear," not "Fear and forbear."

EXCAVATIONS ON THE EUPHRATES.

NIPPUR; OR, EXPLORATIONS AND ADVENTURES ON THE EUPHRATES: THE NARRATIVE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA EXPEDITION TO BABYLONIA IN THE YEARS 1888–1890. By John Punnett Peters, Ph.D., Sc.D., D.D., Director of the Expedition. With Illustrations and Maps. Vol. II., Second Campaign. London and New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THIS is the record of the discovery and recovery of a very notable contribution to the archæology of Babylonia and the history of civilisation. The volume tells of the opening up of the historic strata of civilisation to the unprecedented depth of about 6000 B.C. In other words, it widens the horizon of authentic history by something like two millenniums, and, apparently, plucks the palm of priority from Egyptian civilisation — or, at least, challenges Egyptian priority. When the mass of new material reported in this book has been all duly sifted, sorted, and elaborated, human history may hope to know more of its early stages and to draw more closely and accurately the relations subsisting between the civilisation of the Euphrates Valley and the surrounding civilisations of Palestine, Phœnicia, Syria, Egypt, Arabia, and Greece. Such a prospect may well kindle congratulative wonder. The farther back we are able to read our past, the more are we able to understand and command our present.

This volume, be it noted, records the *second* campaign of the Philadelphian Expedition. The first campaign, starting in June, 1888, and not reaching Baghdad till January 8th, 1889, after experiencing plenty of hardships and crosses, was brought to a sudden stop in the Easter of 1889 by the treachery of an Affech chief who set the American camp on fire and, having burnt half the horses, made off with a sack of 200 liras in gold. Happily, the collection of antiquities, comprising more than 2,000 cuneiform documents, was saved. In the autumn of 1889, the Expedition under Dr. Peters as director, with Dr. J. H. Haynes as business-manager, and D. Z. Noorian (an Armenian) as interpreter and director of the workmen, returned to its excavations in Niffer. This second campaign, beginning work by the middle of January and ending in the middle of May, 1890, met with better luck in every way, and was eminently successful in its object. The American enterprise did not close with the second campaign. Dr. Haynes, who had already done signal service, was left to continue the work, and his excavations, extending over the years 1893–95, unearthed out of its deep-sunken grave almost double the amount of inscribed material before obtained. Not yet, however, has the grave given up all its records of the earliest foretime; and the University of Pennsylvania will not stay till it has opened up the whole wide field of ruins.

The disentombed material, whose inscriptions, ranging over a period of more than five millenniums, it will take many years to transcribe and publish, includes between 30,000 and 40,000 cuneiform tablets, many of them of the time of the dynasty of King Ur-Gur (who ruled in Ur of the Chaldeans before 2700 B.C.) and of the Kossæan dynasty (1725–1140 B.C.), periods hitherto unrepresented by dated documents. These tablets comprise syllabaries, letters, chronological lists, historical pieces, texts astronomical and religious, building inscriptions, votive tablets, dedications, inventories, tax-lists, plans of estates, contracts, etc., a mass still needing further examination for specification. These documents restore to history most of the early rulers of Babylonia hitherto known only by name, including fourteen whose very names were unknown. Hundreds of inscribed bricks, door sockets, marble vases, and clay stamps (for bricks) of the earliest rulers—Alusharshid, King of Kishatu, Sargon I. of Akkade, and Narâm-Sin (Sargon's son)—completely transform the notions hitherto entertained regarding the power and extension of the Semitic race of about 3800 B.C. One hundred and fifty fragments of inscribed sacrificial vessels and votive objects belong to three kings

of the most ancient and hitherto unknown dynasties of Ur and Erech; nine clay sarcophagi, excavated out of Niffer, now rest in good condition in the Imperial Museum at Constantinople, and twenty-five more have been rescued from their graves. Seals and seal-cylinders have been found of every period of Babylonian history, several of them having belonged to kings and governors. Two hundred clay bowls, closely inscribed in Aramaic, Hebrew, and Mandean, yield a glimpse into the wizardry of Babylonia which affected the post-biblical literature of the Jews. There have also to be inventoried thousands of enamelled and plain clay vases of every description, playthings, weapons, weights, gold and silver ornaments, stone, bronze, and iron articles, some very ancient intaglios and bas-reliefs, together with a collection of human skulls. Among the many curious finds are a score of objects and more made of magnesite from the island of Eubœa, evidence of trade and intercourse with Greece, probably through the Phœnicians, as early as the fourteenth century B.C. A quantity of broken inscribed ornamental axe-heads, also deriving from the fourteenth century B.C., were of a blue material resembling azurite and lapis-lazuli. On analysis this proved to be glass exhibiting a high degree of art and generally identical in manufacture with the famous Venetian glass of the fourteenth century A.D. Since this discovery of glass at Nippur, Petrie has discovered glass of the same description and the same period at Tel-el-Amarna. Its origin Dr. Peters is disposed to ascribe to the Phœnician coast.

The publication of the results, under the editorship of Professor Hilprecht, contemplates four series, of from ten to fifteen volumes each. Two volumes prepared by Professor Hilprecht have already appeared. Dr. Peters's second volume, full of interest from end to end even more than his first, includes a "History of Nippur," a "Journey to Ur," and a description of the sacred cities of Nejef and Kerbela. The distinction of the book is not exactly its charm of literary style: the pages are too crowded with detail, especially till the record reaches Niffer itself, for artistic effect. Yet the thorough business air of the book, and of the head of the expedition pressing with cheery determination to his goal, sweeps the reader with ever-increasing interest along the straightforward course of the narrative. The author of the book and head of the expedition is innocent of spread-eagleism or egoism, knowing no interest but the subject. Yet the reader recognises him as hero of the enterprise, and without prejudice to the subject follows his fortunes with a personal interest. His cheerful resolution surmounts all difficulties, and, knowing how to enlist the sympathies of the workmen, he gets out of them a maximum of work—in quality as in quantity—so that at the end, when it comes to leave-taking, both sides are at the point of sobbing. The narrative is relieved by Dr. Peters's deft expedients out of difficulties, and by entertaining incidents. At Palmyra, when pressed by the Turkish prefect, jealous of photographing and note-taking, as to whether his kodak camera was not a "telegraph" (meaning *photograph*) machine, Peters assured him it was a "remembering machine." This was something unheard of and wonderful, but no objection could be made to *its* use. At Niffer, when predatory and mischievous designs were brewing among Arabs and Turks, Peters made such a demonstration of his supernatural power as quelled the boldest. Just before sunset, he and Noorian, in view of everybody, ascended the top of the mound hard by, and, with compass, tape-measure, field-glass, etc., went through a complicate hocus-pocus. Everybody greatly wondered; whatever could be the meaning of it? Shortly after, the two wizards stole uphill to a trench in which they were invisible, and, while all below could see, let off eight rockets. The first had scarcely gone off when they could hear the buzz of excited voices below. When the second and third followed, the cry of alarm arose from below that the stars were falling on them. The women screamed and fled for safety to the huts; the more timid among the men followed suit. As Roman candles and Bengal lights succeeded, the excitement grew intense. At last came the *pièce de resistance*, the tomato-can firework. At first this fizzled and bade fair to ruin the whole performance. Happily, just as the wizards despaired of success, it exploded with a great noise, knocking the conjurers backwards in the trench, and filling the air with fiery serpents hissing and spluttering in every direction. Overcome with terror, every man, woman, and child, guards included, fled screaming. Only on one more occasion did Peters have recourse to such supernatural agency, to avert robbery. His practice of medicine also stood the cause of the expedition in good stead. For the Arab's skin, impenetrable to ordinary lotions, he had to use a horse liniment. The Arab chiefs, out of curiosity, pressed him for one of his internal drugs, but one dose was enough. Mercilessly rinsing the glass, he made them swallow the last particle. Their wry faces forced Noorian to run to the rear of his tent to laugh unobserved, but Peters maintained his gravity.

FICTION.

THE KENTUCKIANS. A Novel. By John Fox, Junr. London and New York: Harper and Brothers.

A MAN WITH A MAID. By Mrs. Henry E. Dudeney. ("Pioneer" Series.) London: William Heinemann.

THE MEDHURSTS OF MINDALA. The Story of the Development of a Soul. By J. M. Waterhouse. London: Elliot Stock.

IN "The Kentuckians," if we mistake not, will be found one of the few real successes of the literary harvest which has been reaped during the past few months. The book is small in compass—a bare two hundred pages or so—modest in outward apparel, altogether unpretentious of aspect; but within its covers lies a story of such intense vitality, force, and fine literary workmanship that it is impossible to doubt the claim of "The Kentuckians" upon our serious attention. A novel so strong and so sincere is rare enough to arrest even the most casual of readers; and this novel is, beyond all, strong alike in conception and execution. Mr. Fox has written of his compatriots, the stern, brave, and resolute men of old Kentucky, with that true sympathy which springs from intimate knowledge, and his story throbs with human passion and the clash of opposing individualities. It is the note of strenuous emotion, of subtle spiritual forces ever at play within the breasts of men, that dominates the book, and marks it out as a really remarkable study. There are two heroes in "The Kentuckians," Randolph Marshall and Boone Stallard, and the interest lies almost entirely between these two men, rivals in love, as they are in their political career, from the beginning. The contrast of their characters is complete. Marshall is one of Fortune's favourites, rich, cultured, handsome, and polished, a finished orator, and gifted with the art of winning friendship and admiration almost without an effort. Behind him lie the great traditions of an honoured name and a century of social distinction, and, buttressed by these, his success in the Senate seems assured. But a cloud darkens the horizon of young Marshall's easygoing life. A rival orator appears, meteor-like, within the grey walls of the little Kentucky state-house, and his virile force penetrates the very souls of the men around him. It is Boone Stallard, a rough-spoken, self-educated, utterly plebeian "mountaineer," whose whole life hitherto has been passed in arduous physical toil under the shadow of the great Cumberland mountains whose inhabitants have now sent him to represent their political interests in the capital. In this rude and primitive figure Randolph Marshall instinctively recognises the man who is destined to outweigh him in influence with the House; and the keenness of the duel between these two men is presently

accentuated by the added rivalry of the heart. For Anne Bruce, the governor's fair and noble-natured daughter, who for ten years has been the star of Marshall's youthful dreams, is also quick to realise Boone Stallard's grandeur of soul, his lofty aims, his absolute disinterestedness in the turbulent strife of the House. She seeks to become his friend, and through the shy, almost repellant reserve of the mountaineer's demeanour, Anne divines not only his real fineness of spirit, but the secret love which he bears for her. It is, however, a hopeless and an ill-fated love, for Boone Stallard has yet another secret in his breast, and that is the fact that a great crime—not his own—stands as an eternal barrier between himself and the gentle girl whom he madly worships. The intensity of the three-sided conflict in which the men and the maid are thus engaged is vividly depicted by Mr. Fox, and the little drama is wrought out to the very end with quite startling power. It is seldom, indeed, that a story so fresh in idea and so delicate in treatment as "The Kentuckians" comes under our notice, and our readers cannot do better than procure, and peruse, this fine and forcible novel.

There are no lines in Scripture more beautiful in their English form than those from which Mrs. Dudeney has taken the title of her novel, "A Man with a Maid." The story she has to tell is as old and hackneyed as any in the range of literature. It must have been old and hackneyed when Solomon wrote of it. In Mrs. Dudeney's book it is presented to us in what might almost be called a stereotyped form. A young man of good position meets a beautiful milliner's apprentice at Brighton, where he is in attendance upon a cousin whom his poverty, and not his will, compels him to marry. Tabbie Foard, the poor little milliner whom a hard fate has thrown, fatherless and motherless, on the glaring world of Brighton, loves Tom Prideaux and believes in him, as girls do when they are brought into contact for the first time with one who is a gentleman so far as convention and manners are concerned. As for Tom, he means no harm, and would be honestly shocked at the thought of doing an injury to the pretty child; but, all the same, the harm is done, and Tom learns too late, when by his marriage to his cousin he has made it impossible to repair the wrong, that he has irretrievably ruined Tabitha Foard. Even then the girl might have saved herself if she had been without a conscience. There is an honest tradesman who longs for nothing so much as to be able to make her his wife; but she puts the temptation from her, and dies with her unborn child. It is not the story, which it will be seen is hackneyed enough, but the mode of telling it that constitutes the charm of "A Man with a Maid." And a very real charm the book has. It is written throughout with good feeling and good taste, and it has literary merits that raise it high above the average. But that for which it is chiefly remarkable is the lifelikeness of the sketches of Madame Maielli's shop at Brighton, and of the apprentices and assistants who are occupied there in acquiring other knowledge besides that of the art of dressmaking. These scenes suggest Zola in their realism, and constitute a genuine revelation, not only of a social stratum, the character of which is known to comparatively few, but of a writer who gives evidence of the possession of a distinct and remarkable gift.

Despite a tendency to undue length, and a certain conventionality of drawing as regards some of its characters, "The Medhursts of Mindala" must be pronounced an excellent story of its kind; fresh, sensible, and quietly interesting. Mrs. Waterhouse, to judge by the bareness of the title-page, is making in this novel her *début* in the literary arena, but she exhibits a decision of touch and a clearness of outline which agreeably differentiate "The Medhursts of Mindala" from most first attempts. The story is laid on Australian soil, and deals with social conditions that are evidently familiar to its author, who depicts the toilsome drudgery of bush-life with a graphic pen, throwing no false glamour over the squalid and ceaseless monotony of such an existence. The Medhurst family—a large and diversified one—is first introduced to us when its head, the genial and over-sanguine father, intimates to his children his intention of settling at Mindala and becoming the owner of a grazing-farm in that picturesque but desolate locality. Forthwith they all proceed to Mindala—all, that is to say, except Eleanor, Dr. Medhurst's second daughter, who is despatched to Melbourne in order to "finish" her education. This process duly completed, Eleanor, four years later, rejoins her family at Mindala, full of the condescending intention to set them all to rights in every possible respect, for her sojourn in Melbourne has imbued her with an overweening estimation of her own superiority, and she fears to find her bush-relations bordering on a state of barbarism. Her speedy disillusion is very well described by Mrs. Waterhouse. Eleanor soon perceives that her quiet, home-loving, unpretending elder sister, Ruth, is vastly her superior, not only in all practical matters, but even in the things of the intellect; and the unpalatable discovery greatly conduces to the Melbourne young lady's spiritual benefit. But Eleanor, if crude and vain, is also very lovely, and two lovers, each desirable in a different way, come to woo the beautiful, ambitious girl. Her fatal self-esteem still stands in the way of true happiness. With love in one scale and mere wealth in the other, Eleanor weighs wrongly, and love kicks the beam. Her punishment is swift, though we will not indicate its exact nature. Mrs. Waterhouse has been hard in meting out so severe and lasting a rebuke to her lovely heroine's girlish heartlessness, but the sketch is admirably painted, with spirit and with womanly sympathy. No less successful is the contrasting portrait of Ruth Medhurst, whose fine nature is most charmingly shown. The male characters of the story are, we feel, less instinct with life, and therefore less interesting to the reader. It is in the delicate and keenly analysed study of a girl's awakening womanhood that Mrs. Waterhouse has made a real success.

MORE MARCH MAGAZINES.

We think we recognise the writer of the unsigned article on "The Demoralisation of France" which opens the *Contemporary Review*; and if so, we prefer his work on countries farther East. This article is absurdly overdrawn: he seems to regard all Frenchmen without exception as neurasthenic, hysterical, materialist—whether they are provincials or Parisians, atheists or Clericals; but he makes a point in his insistence on the present combination of Clericalism and militarism. Mr. A. J. Wilson denounces the international financiers who tempt small and backward States into burdening themselves with debt, and then keep them in their clutches by devices for increasing their indebtedness. Even among us, he notes (as Fawcett, by the way, long ago urged) that local authorities are succumbing to similar temptations. Investors, we think, may reply that these States have shown considerable freedom in repudiating their obligations, which, after all, have no adequate "sanction." "Tearem, M.P."—who ought not to adopt the late Mr. Roebuck's nickname—contributes an amusing and decidedly personal article on the qualification of the "Service Members" of the House to speak on Army Reform. Sir Edmund Verney finds the cause of agricultural depression not in over-renting, but in the lack of professional knowledge in farmer and labourer alike. There are two articles—both interesting, but neither striking—on Far Eastern problems: a translation, by the versatile Dr. E. J. Dillon, of an ancient Oriental folk-tale: and an article on "The Decline of Tractarianism," contrasting

the Tractarians with the ultra-Ritualists of to-day and the rationalising contributors to "Lux Mundi." Finally, we may note Mr. G. Clarke Nuttall's exposition of a recent discovery that baldness is indirectly due to a microbe—though there does not seem much chance at present of reaching the destructive influences.

The *National Review* alone ventures to deal with the West African Question. Admiral Maxse states the British case forcibly, though necessarily without much addition to our stock of information on the subject; and declares that, as an old friend of France, he gives up all hope of an Anglo-French *entente* because of the French enmity to England. In an article on Army Reform, Sir Edward Bulwer maintains that the system instituted by Mr. Cardwell will secure us all we want if we only give it a fair chance. "The Sorrows of a Scribbler" is a lively account of the ways of magazine editors of all sorts towards their contributors. But the article which will attract most attention is Mr. Blake's "Second Thoughts on Rhodesia," which are even more unfavourable than his first. "Low ground saturated with fever, high ground scorched and desert; there is my estimate of Rhodesia as a farming country." He says that there is gold, of course—as there is in most countries, including Great Britain—but it is not in reefs, but in pockets, mostly worked out (*i.e.* by King Solomon's miners); and that the Chartered Company, which once prospected for gold, has given up the quest because it dare not go on. As for the railway, Mr. Blake adds, it was mostly washed away so soon after the opening that some of the distinguished guests could not get back. Chartered shareholders may well ponder this article before the coming meeting; but, comparing it with Mr. Bryce's dispassionate observations, we suspect it is overdrawn. "The Month in America" contains more about Mr. Wolcott's Bimetallist efforts than we have seen in any other English publication.

The *Atlantic Monthly* contains a valuable study—based on books only—by Mr. E. L. Godkin, of Australian democracy. He lays stress, as an American observer must, on the extraordinary freedom given to Australian popular governments, the absence of any written constitution, and the Parliamentary as contrasted with the Presidential system; but he sees in the vigorous individualism of the race—which is always trying to break records—a corrective to the experiments in State Socialism which are the chief danger of these young States. Mr. J. W. Larned discusses, in no hostile spirit, the future of Britain. Her success hitherto is very largely the product of favouring conditions, and she cares too little for education to enable her people to resist the coming dangers of democracy, while they are not adaptive enough to hold their own against foreign competition. Mr. Larned's view of our struggle for national education is worth attention. There is an interesting article on Japan by a Japanese; and two of the three serials are closed—"Penelope's Progress" in a delightfully humorous fashion, and with an international marriage, of course.

The *New Ireland Review*, which appears this month in an altered form, contains an article on the work of an early Dublin printer, John Francton, which may be commended to the notice of bibliographers.

The *Cornhill Magazine* contains an instalment of Mr. Stanley Weyman's powerful serial, "The Castle Inn," and a good short story by Miss M. E. Coleridge. "Lewis Carroll" cannot fail to be a subject of interest, either in his character of the creator of "Alice" or as the Oxford don, and the many admirers of his genius will appreciate Mr. Strong's tribute to his memory. Lady Jane Ellice contributes "Stray Fragments of a Past," and in writing of "Scores" Mr. Stephen Gwynn gives some good instances of repartee. Lord Anson's expedition in the *Centurion*, the object of which was to capture the Spanish treasure-ship returning from Mexico, is described by the author of "Deeds that Won the Empire." In spite of the fact that the squadron was manned by out-pensioners of Chelsea Hospital—of whom the more vigorous deserted—and newly-recruited marines, the expedition succeeded in its object. Another and more legitimate method of obtaining treasure is treated of in "Gold-mining at the Klondike."—The subject of gold-mining comes to the fore in the *Century*, in which magazine two articles describe respectively the river trip to the Klondike and the rush over the mountain passes. Mr. John R. Procter's description of the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, in which he expresses the opinion that the pure, dry air of the caverns may in time be utilised for the cure of consumption and asthma, is full of interest. Fiction is well represented by Mrs. Burton Harrison's serial, "Good Americans," Dr. Weir Mitchell's "Adventures of François," and several complete stories. Mr. John Burroughs writes of the songs of American birds, and Miss Sara Stevenson contributes some reminiscences of Mexican society in Maximilian's time. An article on "Women Composers" must also be mentioned.—In the *Pall Mall Magazine* a history and description of Battle Abbey is from the pen of the Duchess of Cleveland, and another monastic house, which now no longer exists, finds a chronicler in Sir Walter Besant. The house in question is the Abbey of St. Saviour, Bermondsey, and it is interesting for, among other things, its association with the private life of two queens—Katharine of Valois, the widow of Henry V., and Elizabeth Woodville. In "From a Cornish Window" Mr. Quiller Couch discusses two diverse subjects—the spelling of dialect in poetry, and the unromantic merchant seaman, in connection with the latter, pleading for the construction of a harbour of refuge upon the coast between Bristol and Falmouth. Mr. Anthony Hope's sequel to "The Prisoner of Zenda" is continued, and Mr. W. L. Alden contributes a good short story, "Lost in a Blizzard."

In *Macmillan's Magazine* Major Pearse traces the evolution of the Sikh soldiers from a weak and persecuted religious community, formed by a succession of priestly rulers, into the warlike race with whose help John Lawrence saved our Indian Empire. A survey and criticism of those novels which depict University life is contributed by Mr. George Saintsbury. Mr. David Hannay discusses the true military policy, as it was laid down by General Sir Charles Pasley in his Essay of 1810, and applies its principles to the defence of England of to-day. A military subject is also dealt with in "The Diary of a Private Soldier in the Campaign of New Orleans." "A Philosopher's Romance," by Mr. John Berwick, is continued.—A sketch of a forgotten adventurer, Richard Wall, Prime Minister of Spain in the eighteenth century, is one of the most interesting features of *Temple Bar*. "An Ambassador's Letter-Bag" contains selections from the papers of the Right Hon. J. H. Frere, who was British envoy at Lisbon and Madrid. Some short stories and an instalment of Mr. Norris's serial, "The Widower," supply fiction.—A story of adventure by Mr. William le Queux, part of a romance by Mrs. Fred Whishaw, and the narrative of a voyage by Mr. Allen Upward, are among the contents of a good number of the *Idler*. Mr. Barry Pain contributes a poem, Mr. Arthur Lawrence an interview with Sir Charles Dilke, and the popular topic of English cricket in Australia is dealt with by Captain Philip Trevor.—In *Scribner's Magazine* Mr. Thomas Nelson Page's serial, "Red Rock," and Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge's "Story of the Revolution," are continued. "The Workers" is a narrative of bitter personal experience in the vast army of the unemployed of Chicago. Mr. E. Neville-Rolfe describes a Pompeiian house recently excavated, and gives us a glimpse at the marvels accomplished by the artist of the first century.—The *Argosy* has several complete stories, of which the best is "Lame Lizbeth."—*St. Nicholas* and *Little Folks* are both good.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

"Millais and His Works" is the title which Mr. Spielmann gives to an appreciation of the late President of the Royal Academy alike as man and artist. Millais used to say that whatever else he had been he had never been careless, and had never consciously placed an idle touch upon canvas. All the same his work was curiously uncertain, and he was quite alive to his own failures. "I confess," was his characteristic admission, "I should not grieve were half my works to go to the bottom of the Atlantic—if I might choose the half to go." He declared that the worst pictures which had ever left his studio were those on which he had lavished most trouble and labour—a statement which need not be read with a flush of satisfaction by idle apprentices, for Millais, like all really great artists, was an inexorable critic of his own genius. Mr. Spielmann has written this volume not for professional painters, but for that happily wide class of the community which takes an intelligent interest in the growth of modern art. He gives a few stories and personal recollections, but in the main the book consists of running comments of a more or less critical kind of the pictures recently on view at the Millais Exhibition at the Royal Academy. Here is a graphic pen-and-ink sketch of Sir John:—"He was the big man with the warm heart, which he wore upon his sleeve; plain-spoken, straightforward, genial, and affectionate, who rarely said a cruel thing and never did a harsh one; without a grain of affectation, and without a touch of jealousy. Almost to the end his life upon the moors seemed to have kept him for ever young, and their winds to have blown the cobwebs of prejudice from his mind, and every morbid and paltry feeling from his heart." Mr. Spielmann puts this side of Millais' attractive personality into a phrase when he adds that so thoroughly did the greatness of the man match the greatness of the artist, that those who knew him mourned in him rather the friend whom they loved than the painter they honoured and admired. Ford Madox Brown called Millais a creature of impulse, and Dante Rossetti declared that his enthusiasm was so great that it transfigured his countenance and gave him the "face of an angel." Such judgments lend emphasis to Mr. Spielmann's conclusion that his dominating quality was rather that of the heart than of the head, and that he was, in fact, beyond all else a great sympathetic painter. The reproduction of many of Millais' pictures lends artistic charm to what is perhaps a superficial, but is certainly an interesting, book.

It is eight months now, and that is an ominous period in such a connection, since "Andrée and His Balloon" vanished into space. The brave aëronaut and the two companions who went with him to unlock the stubbornly-kept secret of the North Pole left Spitzbergen on the 11th of July, and the last that was heard of them came to hand exactly eleven days later. The message which the carrier pigeon brought, however, was long on the wing, for it was dated July 13th, so that there has been a terrible reign of silence since two days after the aërial voyage commenced. M. Henri Lachambre constructed the balloon, superintended the final preparations, and was at Andrée's elbow up to the very moment when the explorer suddenly snatched himself away from the farewells of his friends, and, taking his place on the wicker bridge of the car, gave in quick, firm tones the order, which was instantly obeyed, to cut the ropes. Herr Andrée was born in 1854, was trained as a civil engineer, and before his appointment as chief engineer to an important Government post in Sweden held a Professor's chair at the Technical College in Stockholm. He made a number of ascents for scientific purposes, one of which nearly cost him his life through a disaster in the Baltic. These pages describe at length the construction of the balloon and its careful equipment, and they also give a detailed description of the anxious, busy days prior to the departure of the explorers. M. Lachambre thinks that if any man could achieve success in such an enterprise, it was Herr Andrée. His natural and acquired gifts for the command of such an expedition are unquestionable, for he is a man full of resources, at once cool, bold, patient, and in the scientific and technical sense thoroughly qualified. The balloon carried four months' provisions, and Andrée reckoned that he could keep it afloat for at least fifty days. The explorers trusted to their guns to some extent for food; and when someone expressed surprised to Andrée, just before his departure, on the smallness of his stores, he pointed with grim humour to his cartridges, which he said represented compressed meat. The book is infinitely pathetic, for it is full of the bustle and excitement of last July; but now we are in March, and though all the world would cherish hope about the fate of the brave fellows, the painful significance of such long silence cannot be shirked.

There has just been added to the series entitled "Periods of European Literature," which is appearing under the editorial care of Professor Saintsbury, a short study of so great a subject as "The Later Renaissance." Mr. David Hannay discusses the characteristics of a great intellectual upheaval as they leaped to light in the literature of Spain, England, France, and Italy. It is manifestly impossible in a paragraph to indicate even the broad outlines of what proves to be a luminous and vigorous survey of creative facts and forces during an epoch which shaped to great and unforeseen issues the intellectual development of Europe. It is with the first three nations that Mr. Hannay is chiefly concerned, and of them he thinks that France came most under the spell of the Renaissance, whilst Spain felt it least. "In all three countries, the later Renaissance met a strong national genius, which it could stimulate, but could not affect in essentials. Garcilaso, Spenser, and Ronsard were all equally intent on making a new poetry for their countries, and all three succeeded. Yet they remained respectively a Spaniard, an Englishman, and a Frenchman, and in their works were as unlike one another as they were to their common models." As to Italy, Mr. Hannay contends that there was no room for independence of mind just then in that country, and this condition did not quickly pass away, as the lives of Galileo and Fra Paolo Sarpi sufficiently attest. The book is a courageous, and, on the whole, satisfactory attempt to give a comparative view of creative work in literature during a period of transition.

* Millais and His Works. With Special Reference to the Exhibition at the Royal Academy, 1898. By M. H. Spielmann, Editor of *The Magazine of Art*. Portrait and Illustrations. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons.

Andrée and His Balloon. By Henri Lachambre and Alexis Machuron. Illustrated. London: Archibald Constable & Co.

The Later Renaissance. By David Hannay. (Periods of European Literature.) Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons.

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